

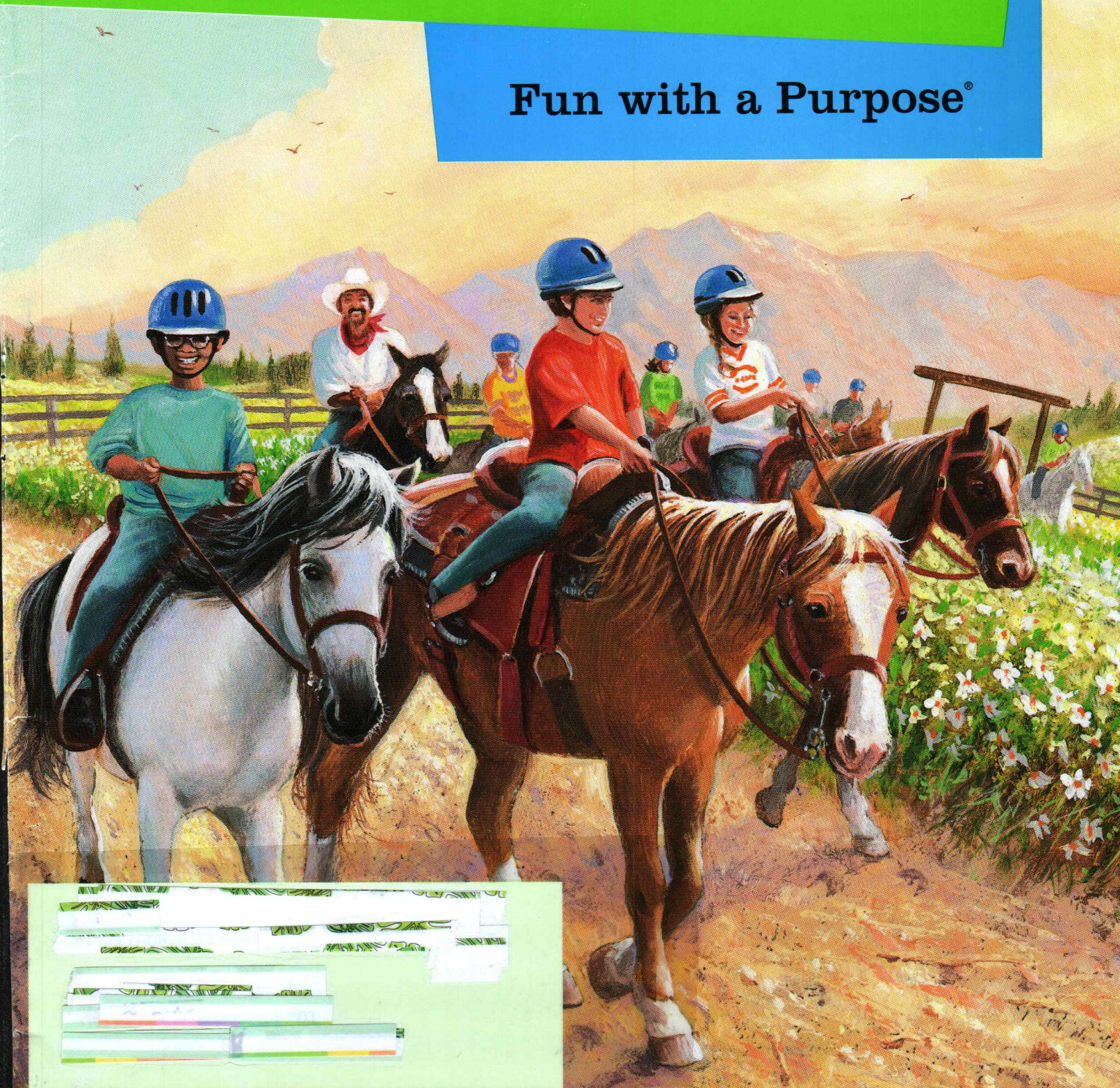
# Highlights

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MAY 2005

for Children®

Fun with a Purpose®





# Snail

By Maxine W. Kumin

No one writes a letter to the snail.  
He does not have a mailbox for his mail.  
He does not have a bathtub or a rug.  
There's no one in his house that he can hug.  
There isn't any room when he's inside.

And yet they say the snail is satisfied.





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**This month's LinkWord:**  
**yarn**

- Get a close-up look at snakes.
- Try an interactive version of Check . . . and Double Check.
- Hear the poem "Tock-Tick" read aloud.
- Go to How About You? and cast your vote.

## Find the Pictures

Can you find each of these pictures at another place in this book?



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 ▲ CREATIVE THINKING ● MORAL VALUES  
 □ Interactive version on HighlightsKids.com



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*This book of wholesome fun is dedicated to helping children grow in basic skills and knowledge, in creativeness, in ability to think and reason, in sensitivity to others, in high ideals and worthy ways of living—for children are the world's most important people.*

## Dear Readers,

She has a cat named Cow. She loves her friends, especially her pal Ollie, a skateboarder and an artist. She gets into lots of embarrassing and silly situations, but she learns something new about herself every time. As the saying goes, when life hands her a lemon, she makes lemonade—and then she pours everyone a glass. Meet Arizona!

Arizona is the main character in our new story series, "Ask Arizona." With her sense of fun, creativity,

and common sense, she's the neighborhood "go-to kid." When her friends have a problem, they want to know what Arizona thinks. She's the friend we all hope to have—maybe even the friend we all hope to be.

I've always liked stories with characters who seem real. How about you? Write and let me know what you think of Arizona and "Lunchtime Loyalty?" (pages 6 and 7). I look forward to hearing from you.

Happy reading!

Your friend,

*Christine*

Christine French Clark, Editor  
[CCClark@Highlights.com](mailto:CCClark@Highlights.com)



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**Covers: On the Ranch and What's Wrong?** by Layne Johnson

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If you've ever had grass stains on your knees, you already know that the color, or *pigment*, in plants can end up on other surfaces. Now you can transfer that color onto paper!

## Getting Started

You'll need a hammer, a hammering surface (such as a wooden board), watercolor or construction paper, paper towels, plastic wrap, and fresh plants. Be sure to ask permission before collecting plant parts or hammering on any surface.

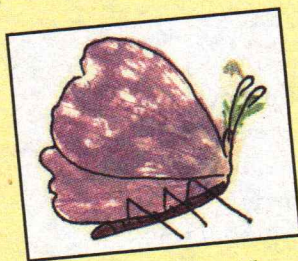
## Basic Steps

1. Stack two paper towels on top of your hammering surface.
2. Set a sheet of paper on top of the paper towels.
3. Place a flower, bright-side down, on top of the paper.
4. Lay a piece of plastic wrap over the flower. Smooth any wrinkles.
5. Hammer the flower using gentle taps. Try to tap evenly over the entire surface of the flower.
6. Carefully remove the plastic wrap and any plant material. Allow time to air-dry.
7. When the pigment is dry, add more plant materials and repeat steps 3 through 6.

## Pounding Project 1

Fold a piece of paper to make a card. Follow the steps for pounding flowers to make an image on the front of the card.

*Greeting Card*



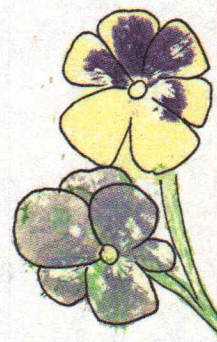
*Magnet*

## Pounding Project 2

Hammer a design onto a small piece of paper. Stick a self-adhesive magnetic strip to the back of the paper.

## Flower-Pounding Tips

- Before each pounding, check to be sure the plastic wrap and paper towels are clean. If they're not, replace them.
- Experiment with using the entire flower or just petals.
- Use plant parts to make non-plant designs. For example, make a butterfly shape using petals for wings. After the pigment dries, outline your creation with a fine-point marker.



# Tap, Tap, Tap!

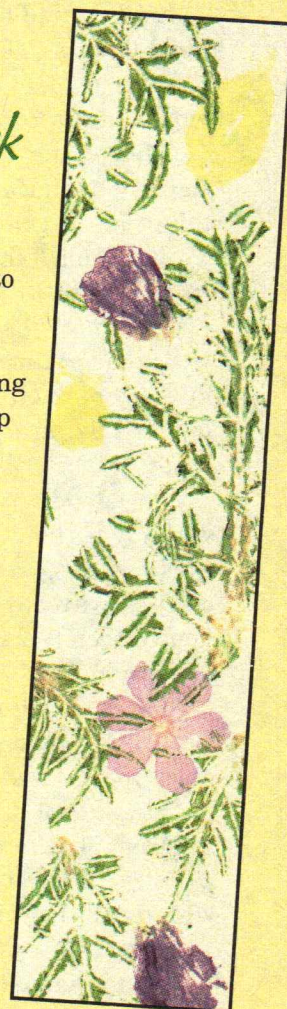
## Pounding Plants onto Paper

By Jean Kuhn

## Bookmark

## Pounding Project 3

Cut a paper strip to the size you'd like. Hammer flowers, leaves, and stems along the length of the strip to make a pattern.







Dear Arizona,

Last week, this girl Serena from my soccer team asked me to eat with her group, so I did. The good part is that Serena and her friends were really nice. The bad part is that now my old lunch group says I have to choose between them and Serena's group. I'm so confused I feel like I'm going to erupt! What should I do?

—Stuck in the Middle



Dear Stuck,

Do not erupt! I repeat: Do not erupt! Erupting can be extremely hazardous to your health! But seriously, I think I know exactly how you feel.

It all started for me in the lunch line, when the girl in front of me said, "I don't want to know what's in the Chef's Surprise!"

"Me neither," I said, trying to figure out what the suspicious lumps in the gravy were.

"I'm Anna," she said. "Want to sit together?"

"Why not?" I said.

Anna and I never solved the mystery of the lumps, but we laughed like crazy trying to figure it out.

The next day, when I went to sit with my regular lunch group, Carin said, "Sorry, Arizona. You can't sit with our group anymore. You've been replaced."

"Very funny." I fake-laughed.

"I'm not kidding," snarled Carin. "We gave your place away, since you ditched us yesterday."

"I so did not ditch you!" I said.

"We took a vote," said Lenny. "And we agreed that you either sit with us all the time or not at all. Your choice."

What I wanted to say was,

"I can't believe you guys are making such a big deal out of such a teeny little thing!" What I actually said was—nothing at all. I just picked up my lunch tray and walked around, looking for someplace else to sit.

I felt like a stray dog searching for a home. I ended up sitting by myself, but I felt too sick to eat anything. When the end-of-lunch bell finally rang, I went back to class.

"The first word on our spelling test is *spaghetti*," said my teacher, Mr. Moony.

Just my luck. The day I didn't eat one bite of lunch turned out to be the day of our "Fun Foods" spelling test.

"I'll use it in a sentence," Mr. Moony said. "I like my *spaghetti*

The next day,  
I went to sit  
with my regular  
lunch group.





with lots of cheese on top. *Spaghetti*. The next word is *chocolate*," he went on. "Yummy! This *chocolate* cake tastes sooo good! *Chocolate*."

And that's when it happened. My stomach made the loudest, scariest, gurgliest sound ever. Everybody, and I mean *everybody*, laughed while I pretended not to know where the awful sound was coming from. My stomach had turned into a terrible monster with a mind—or should I say, a voice—of its own.

After school, Mr. Moony asked,

"Is something wrong, Arizona?"

"No," I grumbled. "Well, maybe. All I did was sit with this new friend for one little lunch, and now my regular lunch group is kicking me out!"

"Hmmm," said Mr. Moony.

"If only there were some rule," I said, "that makes people have to sit next to different people so that certain people couldn't get mad at certain other people for hanging out with new people at lunch. You know what I mean?"

"Hmmm," said Mr. Moony.

"Maybe it could be called Chair

Change-o-Rama," I said. "Or Super Switch. Something catchy like that!"


"Hmmm. Not a bad idea," said Mr. Moony. "You'd better go home and get a snack, Arizona. Tomorrow will be a better day."

With all that *hmmm*-ing, I figured Mr. Moony was just being polite about my weird idea. But he was right. Tomorrow was a way better day.

"Your attention, please!" said Mrs. Coffee, the lunch lady. "From now on, every Friday will be Super Switch Day. You'll all pick a number out of this basket and eat your lunch at the table that has your number on it. It'll be fun. Like musical chairs."

I was about to tell my friends that the Super Switch thing was kind of my idea, but everyone started groaning and complaining so loudly that I decided I'd better keep quiet.

It took a while for people to get used to switching around, including me. The fact is it's sort of scary to sit with people who aren't your regular friends. But now kids are way less uptight about who sits where. And get this: sometimes Anna sits with me and my old lunch group, and it's perfectly fine.

So, dear Stuck in the Middle, I guess my advice is—see if your teacher will think about trying Super Switch Fridays. And definitely do not let anybody give you a hard time about making a new friend—ever! 

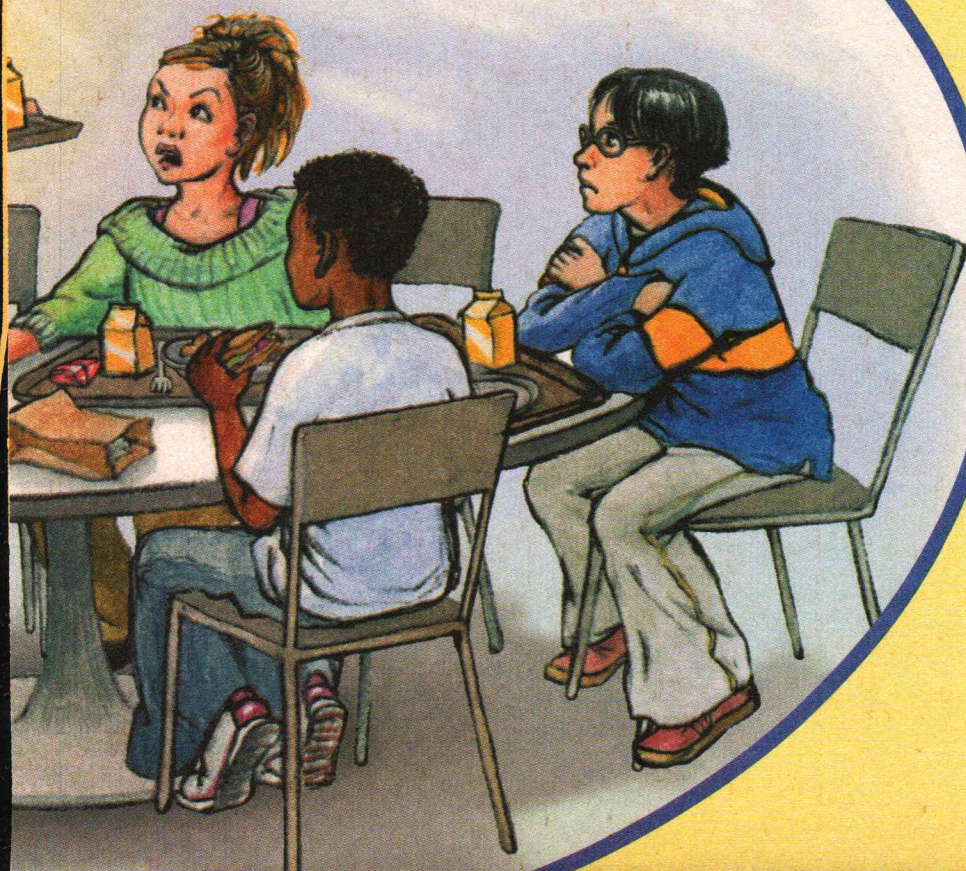
Look for more "Arizona" stories in upcoming issues of *Highlights*!

# Loyalty?

By Lissa Rovetch

"You've been replaced."

*I ended up sitting by myself.*

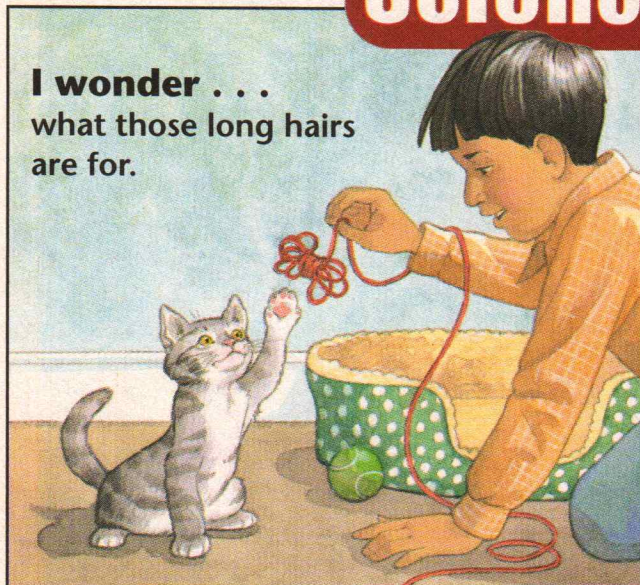


Ciao for now,  
Arizona

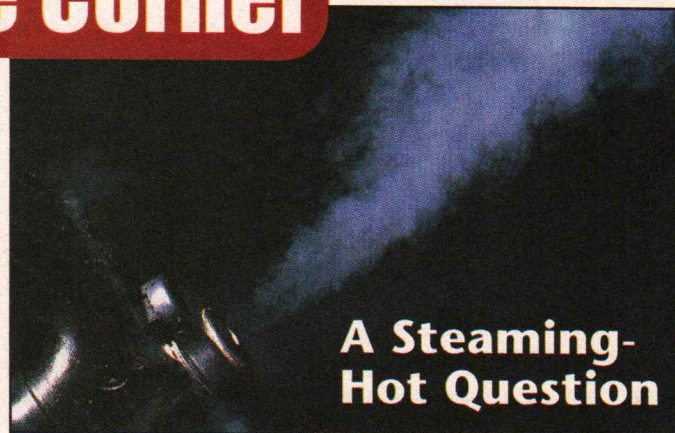


# Science Corner

**I wonder . . .**  
what those long hairs  
are for.



Those long hairs are called whiskers. A cat uses them to feel things that get close to its face.

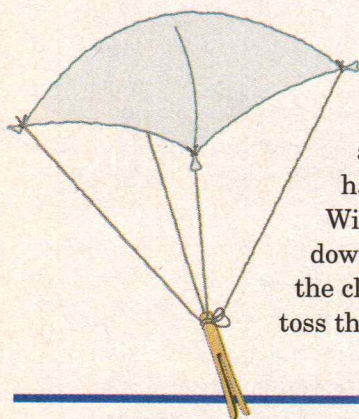


## A Steaming-Hot Question

By Timothy Loftus

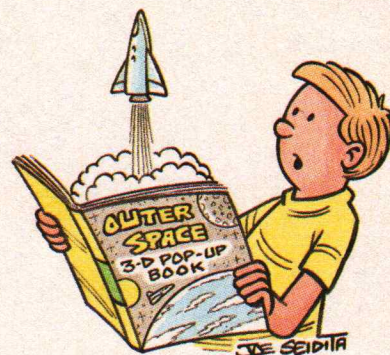
See the white steam coming out of the teakettle? Now look closely at the photograph. Why is the steam right above the spout clear—almost invisible—before it turns white?

Answer on page 39.



## Make a Parachute

Tie together string, a paper napkin, and a clothespin (as shown). Use one hand to pinch the center of the napkin. With the other hand, pull the four corners downward and together. Lay the napkin and the clothespin side by side in your hand and toss the whole thing high into the air.



## DINOSAUR DAYS

### Write to "Dino Don" Lessem

Do you have a dinosaur drawing, joke, question, or other contribution for Dino Don? Include your name, age, and complete address, and mail to

Dino Don, HIGHLIGHTS FOR CHILDREN  
803 Church Street  
Honesdale, PA 18431



Tyler Tillman, Age 9  
Pennsylvania

**Were today's flowers (like daffodils) alive during the Dinosaur Age?**

Molly Galbreath, Age 9  
Michigan

Daffodils belong to the flowering-plant group. Some flowering plants did appear, such as flowering trees similar to magnolias. But daffodils were not among them.

**Was Liopleurodon the king of the sea?**

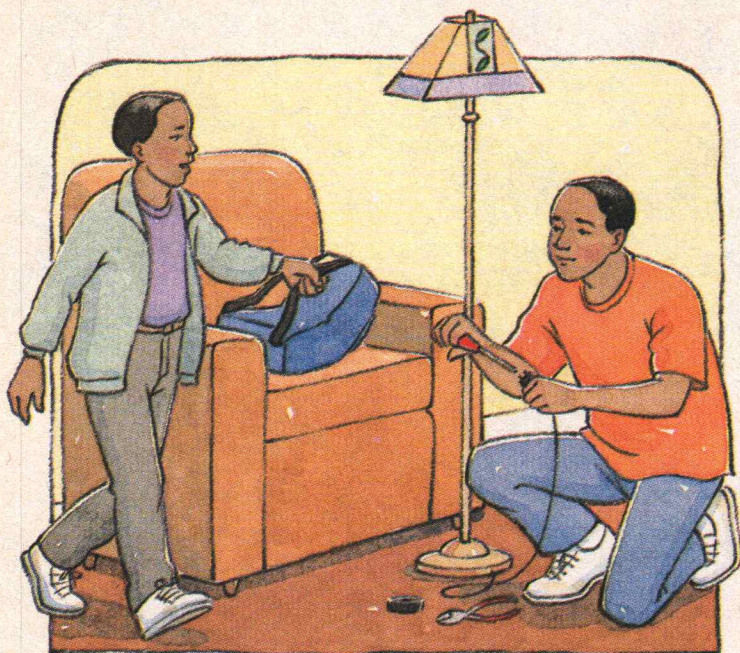
Corbin Cunningham, Age 7  
Kentucky

The body of *Liopleurodon* (LY-oh-PLOOR-oh-don) was almost 40 feet long. It was a big thick-bodied hunter, and it probably ate a lot of squid-like animals.

But it was not the biggest in the sea during dinosaur time.

Some of the mosasaurs were probably the biggest meat eaters among the marine reptiles. Some of them were 45 feet long. Sharks of that size, and even longer crocodiles, such as *Deinosuchus* (DYE-noh-SOO-kuss), also swam in the oceans back then.





"I apologized to Grace at school today, and it wasn't nearly as hard as I'd thought it would be! I felt so much better after I did it, too."

## Knot? Or Not?

Sailor Taylor was practicing knot tying. When Taylor pulled on the ends of the ropes in each figure below, which formed knots? Which did not?



A



B



C



D



E



F

Answers on page 39.

## Nature Watch

From the Roger Tory Peterson Institute

### Hummingbird

**Did You Know?** The hummingbird spends most of its time feeding at flowers. It uses its long beak and tongue to drink the flowers' nectar.

This bird has to keep drinking nectar almost all the time. Nectar contains sugar, and sugar gives the bird the energy it needs. The hummingbird can't store up very much energy. It has to drink nectar to replace sugar as the body uses it.

The hummingbird burns a lot of energy. It is flying almost all the time, using fast beats of its wings. The smallest hummingbirds may flap their wings sixty times a second. Even when a hummingbird is resting, it needs plenty of energy to keep its tiny body warm. That's why the hummingbird spends so much time feeding.

**Try This:** Look for hummingbirds wherever flowers are blooming. What shape and color are the flowers that the birds drink from most often?

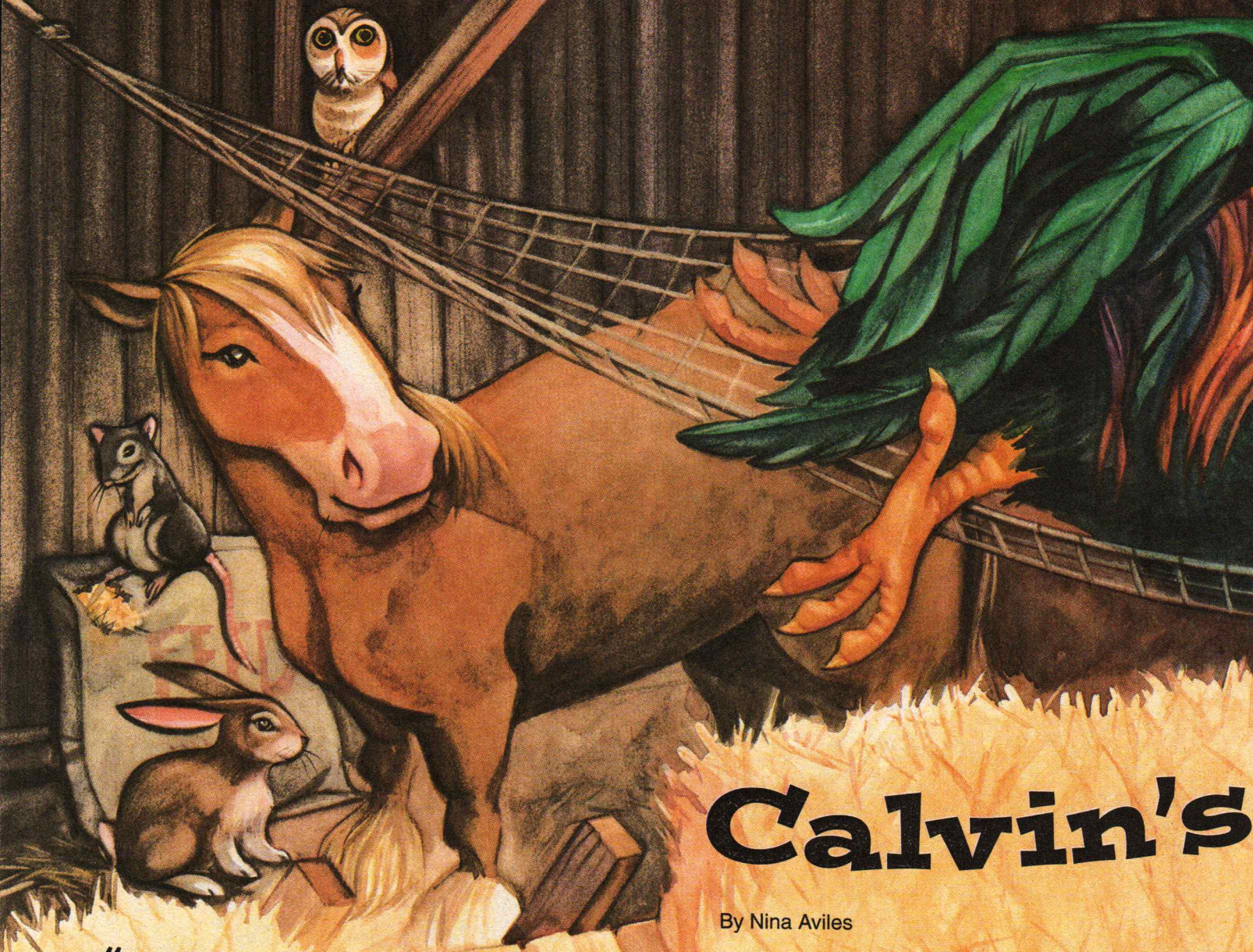


Calliope hummingbird

Ruby-throated hummingbird

Most ruby-throated hummingbirds live in central and eastern North America. Calliope hummingbirds live in the West.





# Calvin's

By Nina Aviles

**"N**ot again," said Calvin. "I slept through the *cock-a-doodle-do*."

"Sometimes one just isn't a morning animal," said the horse.

"I'm a rooster! I'm supposed to wake up Farmer Fred," said Calvin.

"It's still morning, sort of," said the rabbit.

"What's so great about mornings?" asked the rat.

"I'm glad to be a night animal," said

**Calvin  
just  
isn't a  
morning  
animal.**

the owl. Then she yawned and went to sleep.

All day long Calvin paced back and forth under the oak tree.

"Why can't I crow in the morning, like other roosters?" he kept muttering.

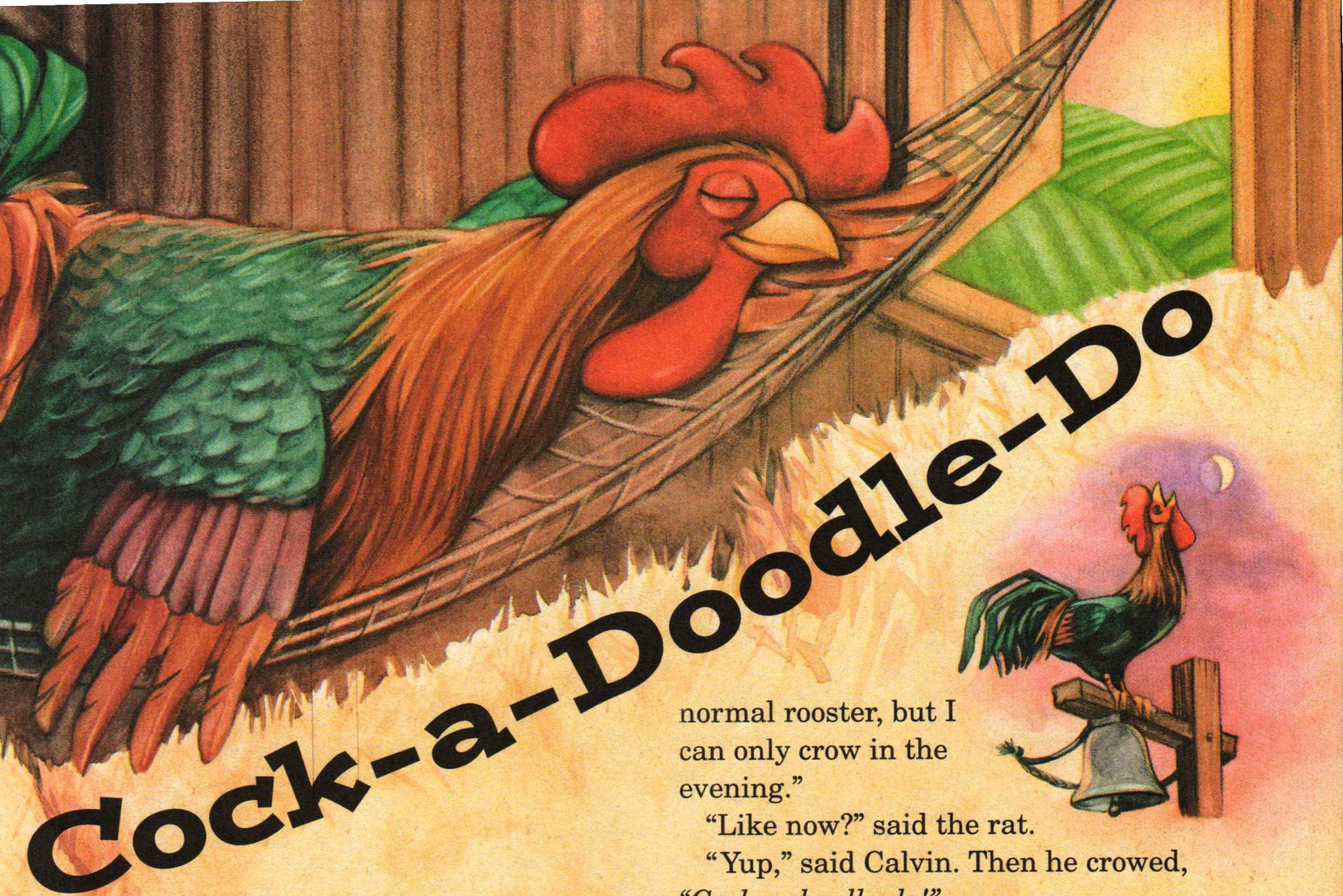
The other animals got worried.

"He's still talking to himself," said the rat.

"He's been out there all day," said the rabbit.

"I think it's time for a meeting at the farmhouse," said the horse.





# Cock-a-Doodle-Do



"I'll tell him," said the rat.  
Calvin marched back to the farmhouse.

"Are you OK?" asked the rabbit.  
"No," said Calvin. "I want to be a

normal rooster, but I  
can only crow in the  
evening."

"Like now?" said the rat.

"Yup," said Calvin. Then he crowed,  
"*Cock-a-doodle-do!*"

"That was great, dear," said the horse.

"It's not morning! It's no use," said  
Calvin. He plopped down in a heap on  
the front porch of the farmhouse.

Then they all heard Farmer Fred  
come in.

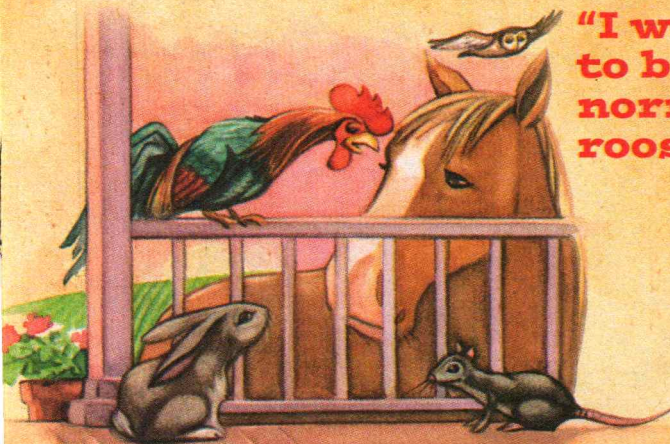
"Perfect timing again," Fred's wife  
said. "How do you always know when it's  
dinnertime, even when it's not dark yet?"

"It's Calvin," said Fred. "The other  
roosters wake me up, but Calvin *always*  
tells me when it's time for dinner!"

Calvin was so glad to hear this that he  
let out a huge *cock-a-doodle-do*. And  
another. And another. And another.

Fred stuck his head out of the window.  
"Thanks, Calvin," he said. "I heard you  
the first time." 🐔

**"I want  
to be a  
normal  
rooster."**



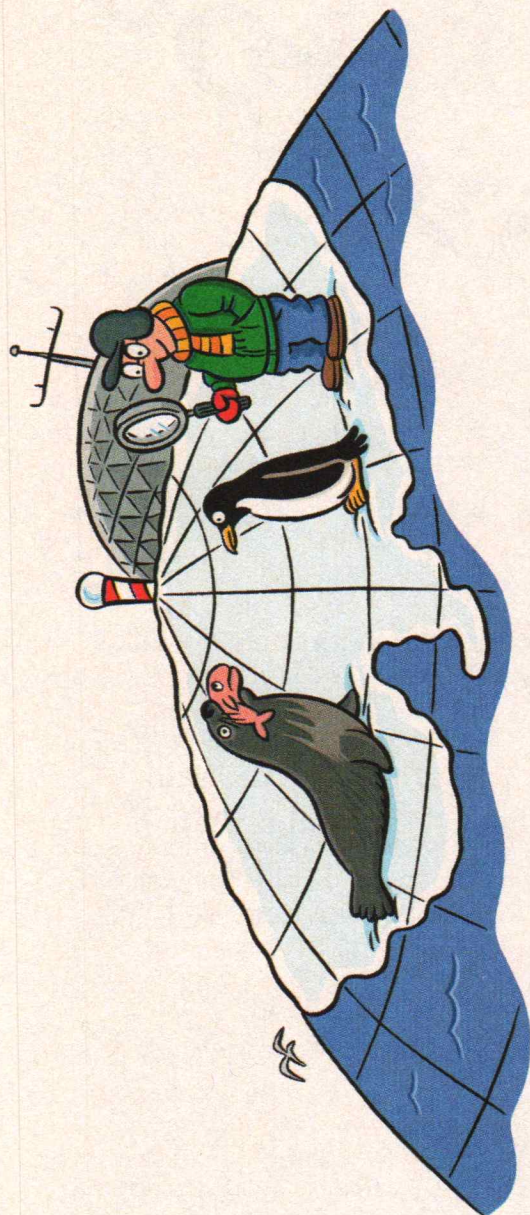


## Arctic vs. Antarctic:

Use the cold facts to tell one from the

# Poles Apart

By Tim Davis



Learn more about both poles on  
[HighlightsKids.com](http://HighlightsKids.com).

**I**magine that someone put a blindfold on you, spun you around, and took you to either the North Pole or the South Pole. When you arrived and took off your blindfold, how would you know where you were? Aren't both poles alike?

No, they're not. Here's how to tell the two poles apart.

### 1. Look for a Marker

Earth spins on its *axis*, an imaginary line that runs through its center. The two points where this line would stick out of Earth (if the line were real) are called the poles, north and south.

On a globe you can find the poles easily. They are usually where the globe is connected to its stand. But it's not so easy to find the poles on Earth itself.

The South Pole *is* marked. The marker sits on a glacier, which is on a mountain on the continent of Antarctica. The ice flows downhill about an inch a day, so a new pole marker is placed at the real South Pole each year.

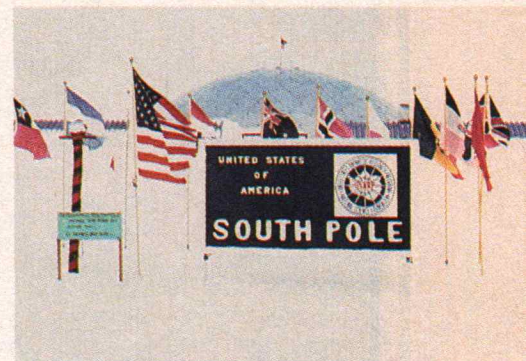
But there's no marker at the North Pole. Even if someone stuck one in the ice, it wouldn't stay in

one spot for very long. The ice at the North Pole is always moving, breaking up, and shifting around. That's because the ice at the North Pole is floating on the Arctic Sea.

### 2. Measure the Ice

Drill or dig down into the ice. Using only three or four yardsticks, you could measure the ice under your feet at the North Pole. The floating ice is less than ten feet thick in most places.

But if you were at the South Pole, you would need at least two thousand yardsticks to measure the ice under your feet. It's more than a mile thick.



The South Pole is re-marked each year.



other.

### 3. Check a Thermometer

Of course, the weather is always changing, even at the poles. But generally the South Pole is much colder than the North Pole. In fact, the coldest temperature ever recorded at the South Pole was -130 degrees Fahrenheit. That's more than 30 degrees colder than the coldest recorded temperature near the North Pole.

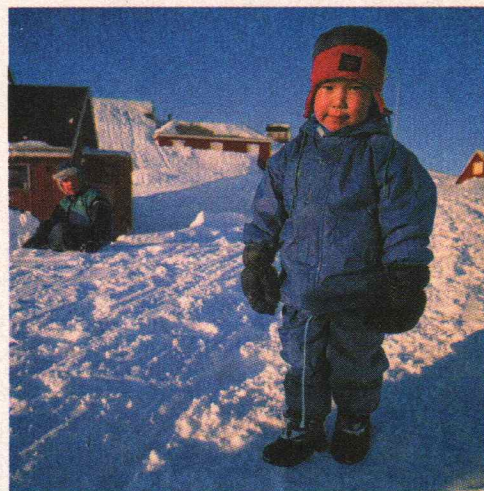
### 4. Search for Animals

As you might guess, more kinds of animals live in the Arctic (the region around the North Pole) than in the Antarctic (the region around the South Pole). In fact, more than forty kinds of land mammals live in the Arctic region. These include some big ones, like polar bears, musk oxen, caribou, and reindeer.

Way down south, there are *no* large animals that live only on the land. Antarctica's big creatures, such as seals and penguins, make their home along the coast. But they spend much of their lives in the sea.

### 5. Watch for People

Only water and ice lie under the North Pole, but there's plenty of land elsewhere in the Arctic. Many peoples have lived there for generations. For example, the Inuit live in Arctic regions of North America, and the Yakut



The Inuit people live in the Arctic region of North America.


live in Northern Asia.

But no one lives permanently in Antarctica. Scientists stay at research stations for months at a time, but they must bring all their food with them or have it brought in by airplanes.

### 6. Look for the Sun

At the poles, the Sun doesn't rise and set every day of the year. At the North Pole, the Sun never sets from the end of April through the end of August. At the South Pole, it never rises during those months. From the end of October to the end of February it's just the opposite—all sun at the South Pole and no sun up north. That makes for some very long days and nights.

The reason for the long days and nights is that Earth tilts at an angle to the Sun, just as a globe tilts on its stand. Each of Earth's poles faces toward the Sun and then away from it for months at a time.

**As you can see, there are many differences between the Arctic and the Antarctic. In fact, they're poles apart! Now that you know the differences, which one would you like to visit?** 

### Why Is Antarctica So Much Colder?

You might wonder why the South Pole is so much colder than the North Pole. Both are the same distance from the equator.

The ocean water flowing under the Arctic ice provides some warmth at the North Pole. But the South Pole is far away from the ocean. Also, because the North Pole is close to sea level, it gets warmer, moister air than the South Pole, which is 9,300 feet above sea level.

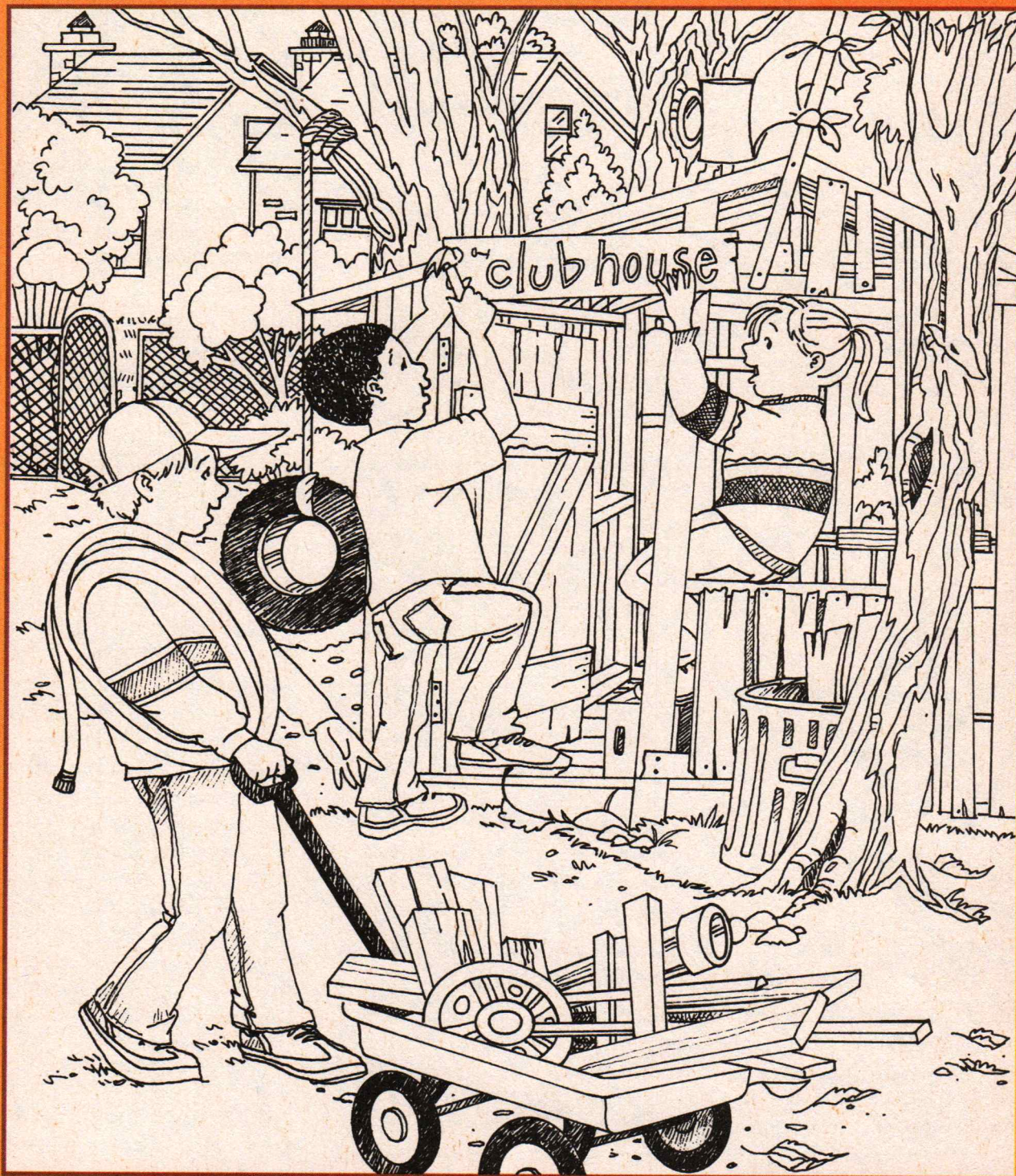
Antarctica is a frozen desert with very little precipitation. Since the air is so dry, it holds less heat. So with colder air and no warmth from the ocean, Antarctica is the coldest place on Earth.



# Hidden Pictures®

## Building a Clubhouse

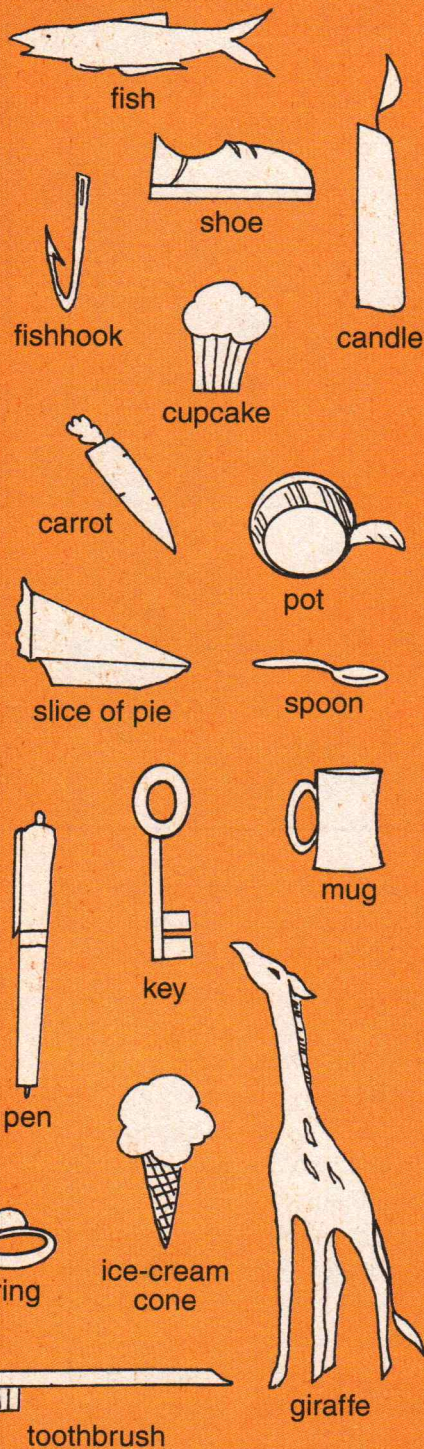
By Linda Weller



In this big picture, find the candle, ice-cream cone, pen, giraffe, fishhook, pot, mug, fish, carrot, shoe, ring, cupcake, slice of pie, key, toothbrush, and spoon.



Can you find these  
**Hidden Pictures®**  
on page 14?



**Arnold:** "Will you remember me in ten years?"

**Jacob:** "Yes."

**Arnold:** "Will you remember me in twenty years?"

**Jacob:** "Yes."

**Arnold:** "Knock, knock."

**Jacob:** "Who's there?"

**Arnold:** "See? You already forgot me!"

*Gary Lin, California*

**Amy:** "Have you heard the joke about the jump rope?"

**Penny:** "No."

**Amy:** "Never mind. Just skip it."

*Caleigh Toppins, West Virginia*

**First person:** "What did the TV order when it went to the restaurant?"

**Second person:** "A TV dinner?"

**First person:** "No. A satellite dish."

*Mike Pérez, Oregon*

# Jokes

**Ashley:** "What is a dentist's favorite game?"

**Dad:** "I don't know. What?"

**Ashley:** "Tooth or Dare."

*Ashley Gore, Iowa*

**Art:** "Did you hear about the owl who married a goat?"

**Bill:** "No."

**Art:** "They had a hoot-nanny."

*Jessica de Kok, Alberta*

Knock, knock.

Who's there?

Pencil.

Pencil who?

Pencil fall down if you don't wear a belt!

*Korleen Edmond, Minnesota*

Send the funniest joke or the best riddle you've ever heard, with your name, age, and full address (street and number, city or town, state or province, and Zip Code), to

HIGHLIGHTS FOR CHILDREN  
803 Church Street  
Honesdale, PA 18431



## Tock-Tick

By Elsa Knight Bruno

Tock-tick, tock-tick!  
It must be sick!  
Why won't my clock  
tick-tock, tick-tock?

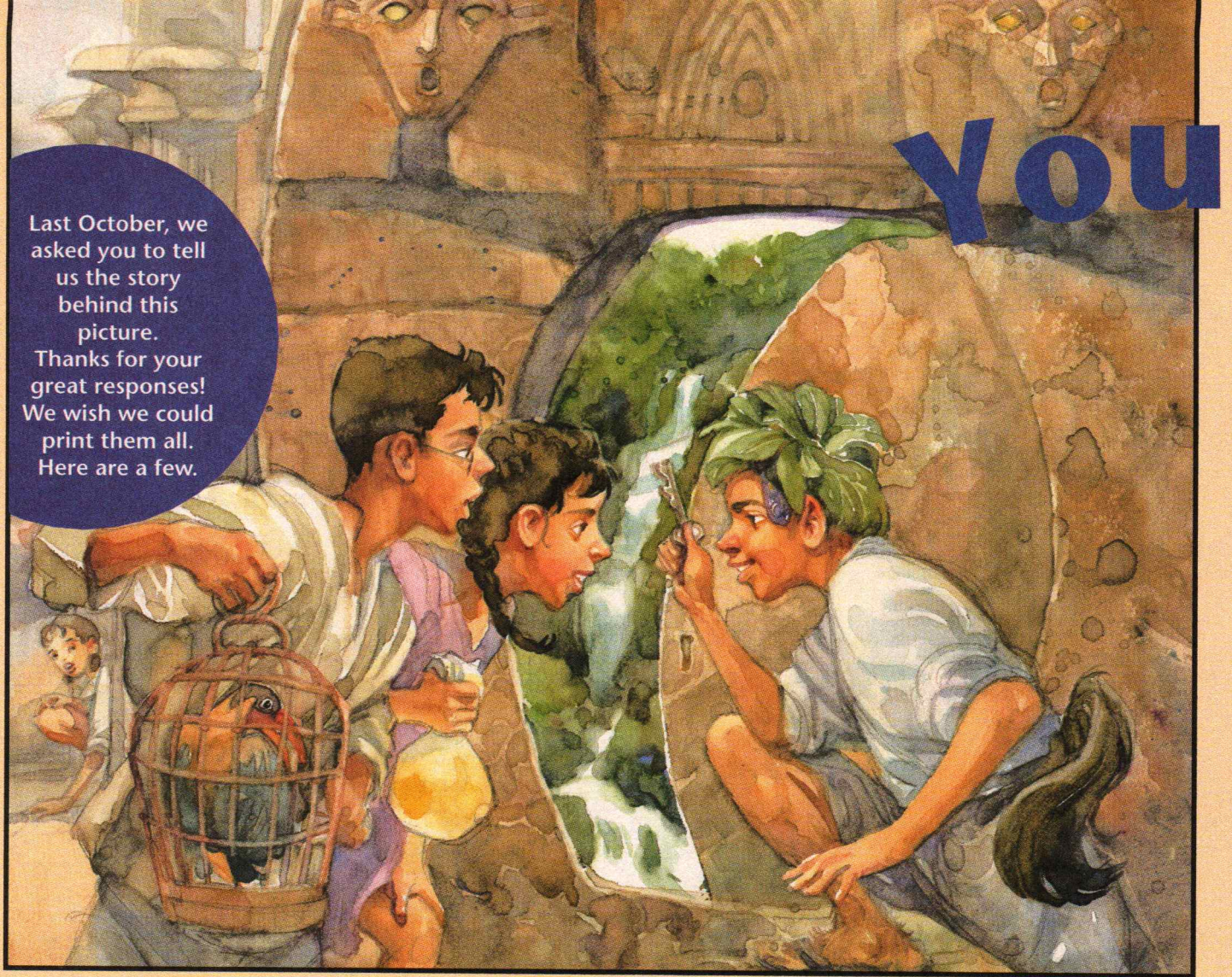
Its arms rotate  
from nine to eight.  
They're in reverse  
and getting worse!

If they don't turn  
the other way,  
then soon it will  
be yesterday!



Last October, we asked you to tell us the story behind this picture.

Thanks for your great responses! We wish we could print them all. Here are a few.



## The Magnificent Key

"This key opens the door to the magical, mythical world of Lizipian," explained Child, showing the key to the twins, Roberta and Roberto.

The twins stared with awe at the magnificent key that Child held before them.

The fairies in Roberta's bag, the ones that lit the way down the dark columns, wiggled restlessly, trying to escape. Pedro, the twins' toucan, squawked with excitement, and the Egyptians carved in the stone walls looked at the twins suspiciously with glowing eyes.

The sound of rushing waterfalls coming from the open door of

Lizipian kept the twins and Child from hearing two echoing footsteps behind them. They had no idea that Elena, the twins' little sister, had followed them through the portal. "This key is a big responsibility," said Child. "I want you to have it."

*Kendel Jordan, Age 10  
Florida*

## Door to Paradise

"Oh no!" Mary Lee said to herself. "It's Gullidan, and he's got the key to paradise!" Mary Lee peeked around a far corner at her two friends. "Alley has the golden gifts! And Andy has the offering bird! This is not good."

Gullidan's brown-bronze tail flicked as the half-human slid the gold key into the lock. Alley smiled at the satisfying *click*. The rock door slid open, presenting a waterfall of shimmering derhant.

"Derhant—eternal life!" Andy gasped, his glasses slipping down the bridge of his nose. He pushed them up quickly.

Gullidan swept his hand toward the heaven, signaling them inside.

"No!" Mary Lee tackled Andy like a linebacker, taking him to the ground. He snapped out of his daze just as his sister stepped through the stone doorway.

Gullidan shook his head at Andy and Mary Lee. Alley quickly followed suit.

The two on the ground



# Told the Story!

scrambled to their feet just as Gullidan stepped into paradise, slamming the stone door behind him.

Alley was gone. Mary Lee and Andy turned away, both knowing that the door would never be opened again.

*Vicki Harris, Age 14  
Indiana*

## The Third Wish

Dave and Keri were very curious kids. One day, while on vacation in Egypt, they got permission from their parents to go on a hike to see what mysteries they could find. Their little sister, Sarah, snuck away to follow them.

They walked to a nearby temple. All of a sudden, a mysterious stranger appeared before them. He said he would grant them three wishes.

Dave had always wanted a toucan. He wished for that, and it was granted.

Keri wished for a bag of miniature horses and lipstick. *Poof!* Her wish was granted.

Before they could wish for the third time, the mysterious stranger brought out a key. "For your third wish, I could give you this key, which *may* unlock this door to the ancient world—a world of treasure! Or it may *not!*" he said.

What should they do?

Just then, Sarah caught up to them. Dave and Keri decided to let her pick the third wish. Sarah picked the key!

The mysterious man gave them the key and disappeared. Sarah put the key into the lock and

turned it. The door swung open to a beautiful green world dotted with golden flowers.

*Keri Harker, Age 6  
Idaho*

## The Magical Boy

Once upon a time there was a boy with a tail. He was a magical boy. A girl and a boy came along and said, "Hi-dee-ho!" They had a parrot and a big lollipop.

Another girl, who was hiding behind a rock, said, "Oh no!" She was worried about her brother because he grew a tail. She was worried the other boy and girl would have tails, too.

The magical boy did some magic to protect the boy and girl. Then everyone was safe.

*Demitri Hartnett, Age 3  
Illinois*

## The World of Liembien

"Hurry, our time is short," whispered Niko as Zach and Lisa struggled to keep up. Their bare feet made a dull patter as they ran through the dirt corridors of the palace.

Finally Niko stopped in front of them, his tail flicking absently. "This is the place," he told them.

From his pocket, Niko pulled a tarnished silver key and slid it into a crevice in the rock. Soundlessly, a section of the wall slid back to reveal a tropical paradise.

"I'm so glad to be leaving Zahara forever," exclaimed Lisa.

"Yes," said Zach. "No more slave work for us."

"Thank you so much for helping us, Niko," said Lisa quietly.

"Glad to be of service," replied Niko. "We must not linger," he whispered urgently. "Before you cross into the magical world of Liembien, you need to pluck a feather from the rainbow bird, Kikowa, and stick it behind your ear. Then, right as you step through the doorway, throw some magic powder from your bag over your head. Now I must go." And the fairy boy disappeared in a puff of purple smoke.

Zach and Lisa followed Niko's directions, took a deep breath, and stepped through the portal together.

*Katie Bonebrake, Age 13  
Utah*

## The Isle of Peace

The city of Juran was under a spell. For three thousand years, King Lando ruled. His evil kingdom was growing.

One day, four kids—Eren, Joanna, Neen, and Pinko—found a key. In the center of the city was a rock. There was a keyhole there. Eren put the key into the hole. A door opened. There they saw a lush forest.

A dog came out. Behind it was a woman, a beautiful woman. She gave the kids a bird and a sack of magic. The kids climbed out.

Instantly the bird flew up, grabbed the sack, and dropped it on the palace. There was a bright flash, and Juran was peaceful again.

*John Barnabas, Age 9  
Arizona*



# Science Letters

Answered by Jack Myers, Ph.D., Senior Science Editor

## Making Plastic

How is plastic made from petroleum?

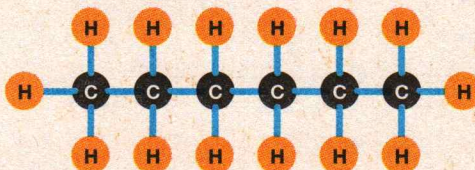
Nicholas Singletary, Age 10  
Georgia

To answer your question, we have to think like chemists. That means thinking about things that are very, very small. It means thinking about atoms and how they are put together to form molecules.

Petroleum is great stuff for a chemist to start with. It is a mixture of different kinds of molecules that are easily separated. The neat thing is that all of the molecules in petroleum are made from two kinds of atoms, carbon (C) and hydrogen (H).

A common kind of molecule in petroleum is called *hexane*. (There are thousands of billions of these

in the gas tank of a car.) Although a hexane molecule is too small to see, scientists think it looks like this.



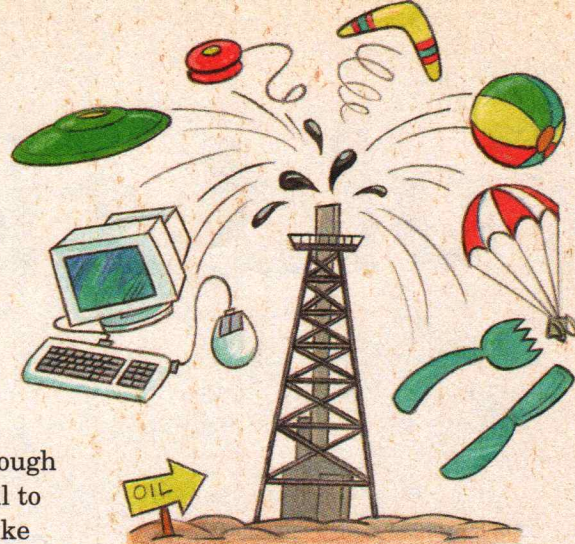
Notice that each H has only one connecting point, or *bond*, where it can attach to another atom. An H atom looks like this.



But C has four bonds and looks like this.



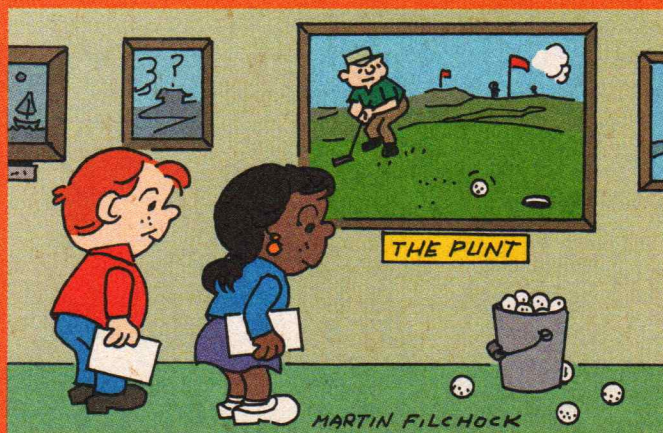
This means that C is an especially useful atom for building molecules. When chemists use



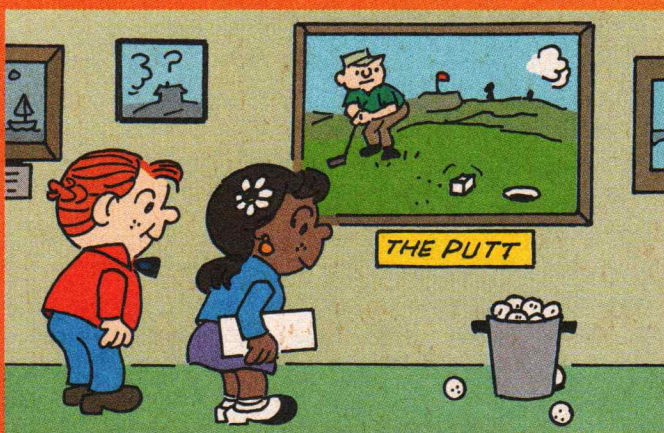
carbon, they have so many possible ways to make molecules that no one has tried to list them all.

Chemists have found ways to make other atoms replace the H's in hexane and similar molecules. Chemists use these other atoms to hook the molecules together into great big ones to make plastics. They can hook molecules end to end to make long fibers, or they can hook chains together tightly in tangled-up bunches to make hard plastics. For a chemist, making plastics or other new materials out of petroleum is something like playing with interconnecting blocks.

## Check . . .



## and Double Check



There are at least sixteen differences in these two pictures. How many can you find?

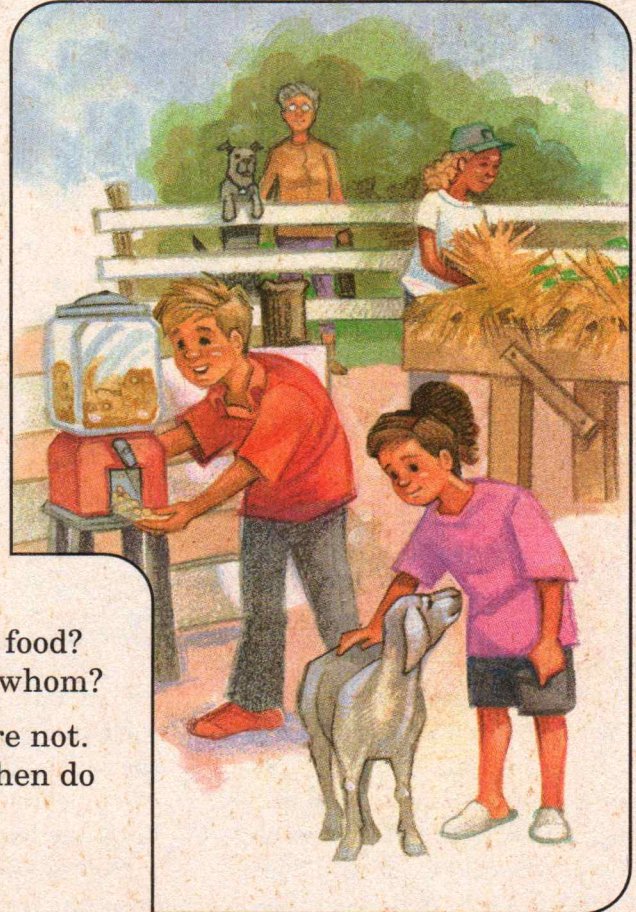
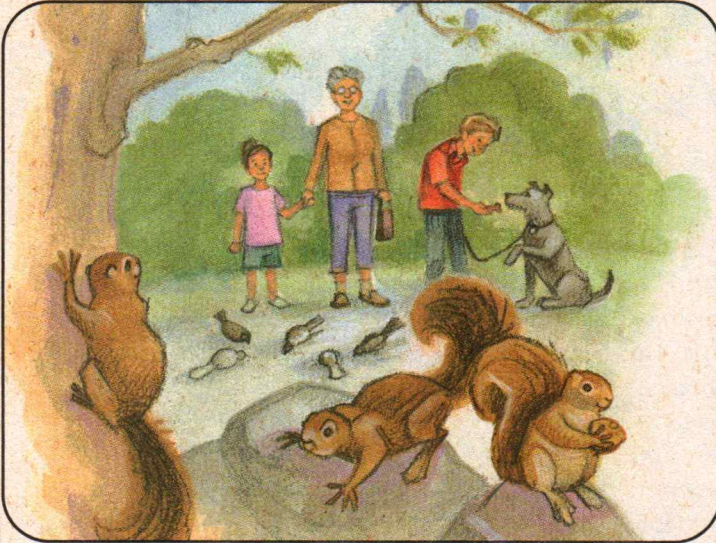
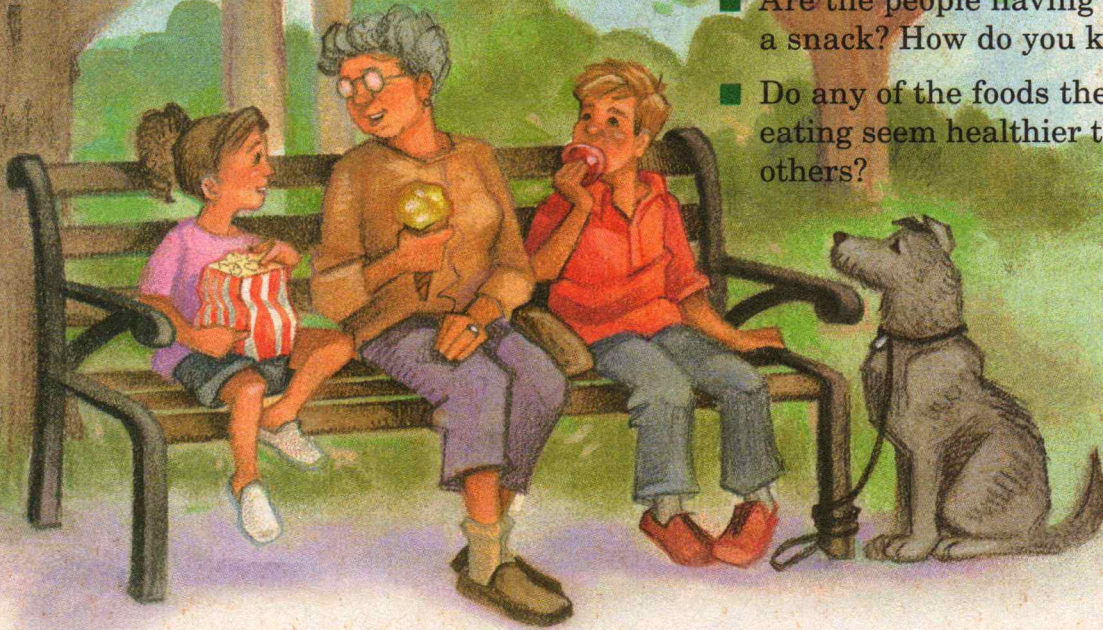


# Thinking

These people and animals have something in common.

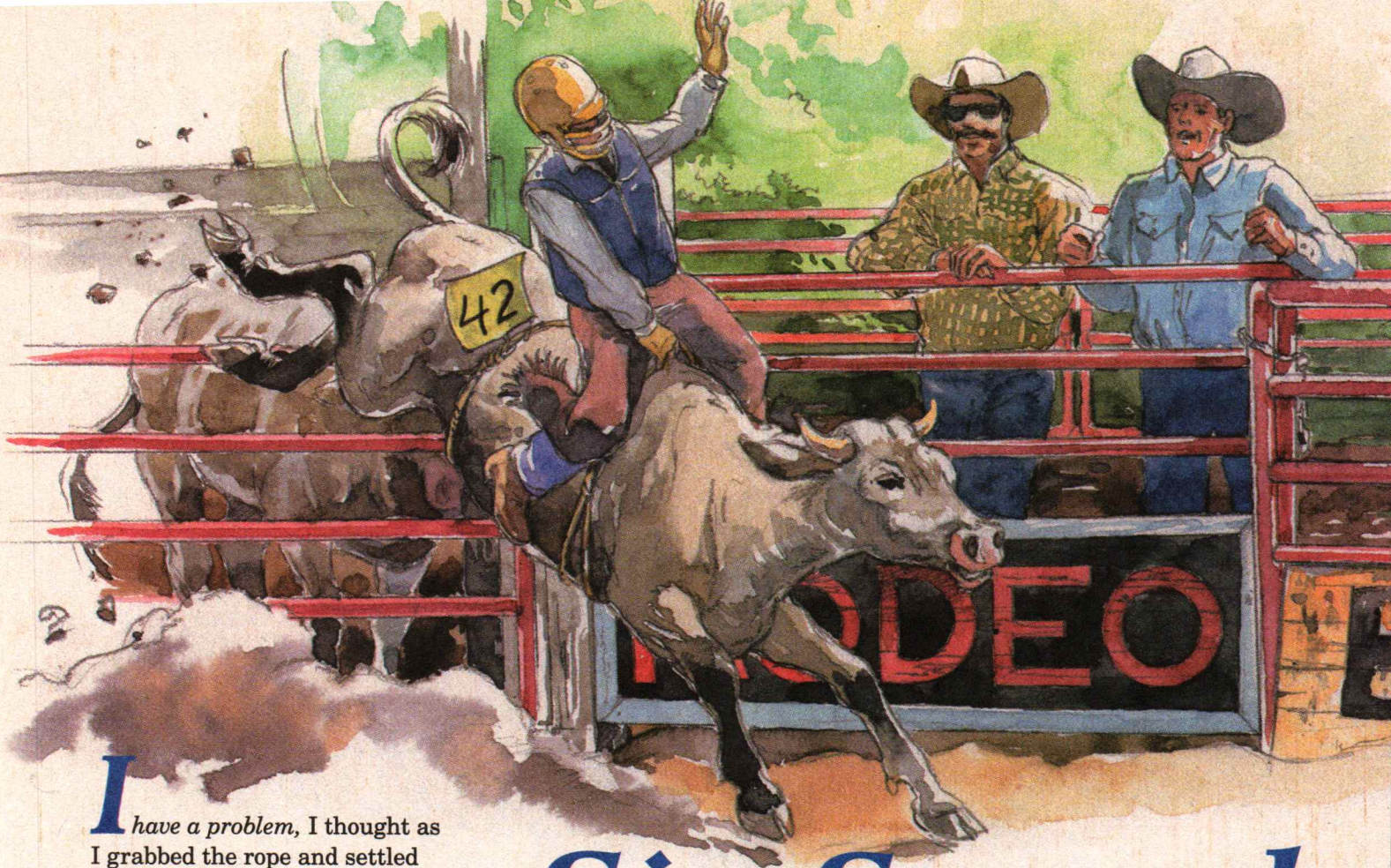
When they're hungry, they eat!

- Are the people having a meal or a snack? How do you know?
- Do any of the foods they're eating seem healthier than others?



- Which animals are wild? Which are tame?
- Which of these animals have to find their own food? Which ones have their food given to them? By whom?
- Some people are feeding animals and others are not. When do you think it's OK to feed animals? When do you think it might not be OK?
- Do you feed animals anywhere in the park? Why or why not?





**I** have a problem, I thought as I grabbed the rope and settled down on top of the bull. I'd never ridden a bull before. What made me think I could do this?

We had come to Wyoming to visit family and to watch my cousin compete in the junior rodeo. Lucas made bull riding look simple. When his turn came, he held tight to the rope that snaked around the bull's chest. He scooted up against the hump between the animal's shoulder blades. Looking down on those long horns didn't seem to bother him. He kept his free arm up in the air so it wouldn't touch the bull. Lucas nodded his head, and the chute gate swung open. The bull blasted out.

It bucked and jumped; it spun and rolled. The bull arched its back and twirled in tight circles. Lucas leaned one way and then the other. He looked like a

**If my cousin can  
ride bulls,  
I certainly can.**

haystack in a whirlwind.

His head snapped back and forth, and I could almost hear his teeth clack together. But he stayed on top. When the buzzer blared six seconds later, Lucas jumped off. The ride was over.

But the bull wasn't finished. It whipped its legs, lowered its head, and charged for my cousin. Lucas raced for the edge of the rodeo ring. He scrambled up the rails and flung himself over. Not able to hook Lucas with a horn, the bull gave up the chase. It trotted away, a glob of slobber swinging from its mouth.

# Six Seconds

By Claudia Cangilla McAdam

"I'd like to try bull riding," I told Lucas that night at dinner.

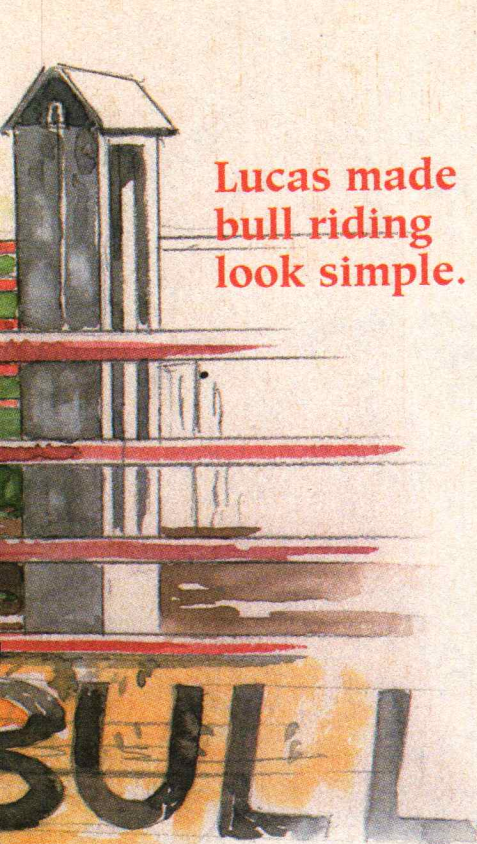
My cousin set down the barbecued rib he'd been eating and sucked the sauce from his fingers. "Oh yeah?"

"Yeah. I think I could do it."

"It's not that easy," he said. "Did you see how many guys got bucked off?"

I had. About half of the cowboys landed in the dirt before the six-second buzzer sounded. But really, how hard could it be? I'm good at sports. Football has made me tough, and skateboarding gives me good balance. And if my cousin can ride bulls, I certainly can. I'm 11—a full year older and two inches taller than Lucas.





Lucas made  
bull riding  
look simple.

Lucas picked up his lemonade and looked at me over the rim of the glass as he drank. Setting it down, he wiped his mouth with the back of his hand. "OK. Tomorrow."

"Tomorrow what?" I asked.

"Tomorrow you ride a bull."

So that's how I came to this, my first try at bull riding. Lucas's bull from yesterday was named Thunder. I called mine Lightning.

I curled my fingers around the rope and squeezed until I nearly cut off the circulation in my hand. But I wasn't going to let go. I only had to stay on top of the bull for six seconds, I reminded myself.

After all, how long could six seconds be? I can do lots of things in six seconds. Run from my house to Paul's next door. Call my

grandma long-distance. Brush my teeth. Yeah, I could do this.


"Just nod when you're ready, Jake," Lucas called up to me.

I swallowed—hard. Gripped tighter with my fingers, if that was possible. Squeezed my knees and heels into the sides of Lightning. I nodded.

The tornado started. We spun to the right, then to the left. My head bounced like a bobble-head doll. A bass drum pounded in my chest. Beads of sweat popped out on my upper lip. A lurch forward, and my legs flew out to the sides. The next big buck sent me somersaulting off the back of the bull. The buzzer sounded as I flew through the air. I landed on my back with a thud, the air whooshing from my lungs.

# of Lightning

## How long could six seconds be?




"Are you OK?" Lucas's face was so close to mine that it looked like he had one eye. I tried to answer, but nothing came out. He slipped his fingers under my belt and pulled my hips up. That's what they did in football when I got hit hard. I could breathe!

"Thanks. A lot," I gasped.

"No problem," Lucas said.

"Just be glad it was only a mechanical bull this time. And that you landed on a padded floor. Think you're ready for the real thing?"

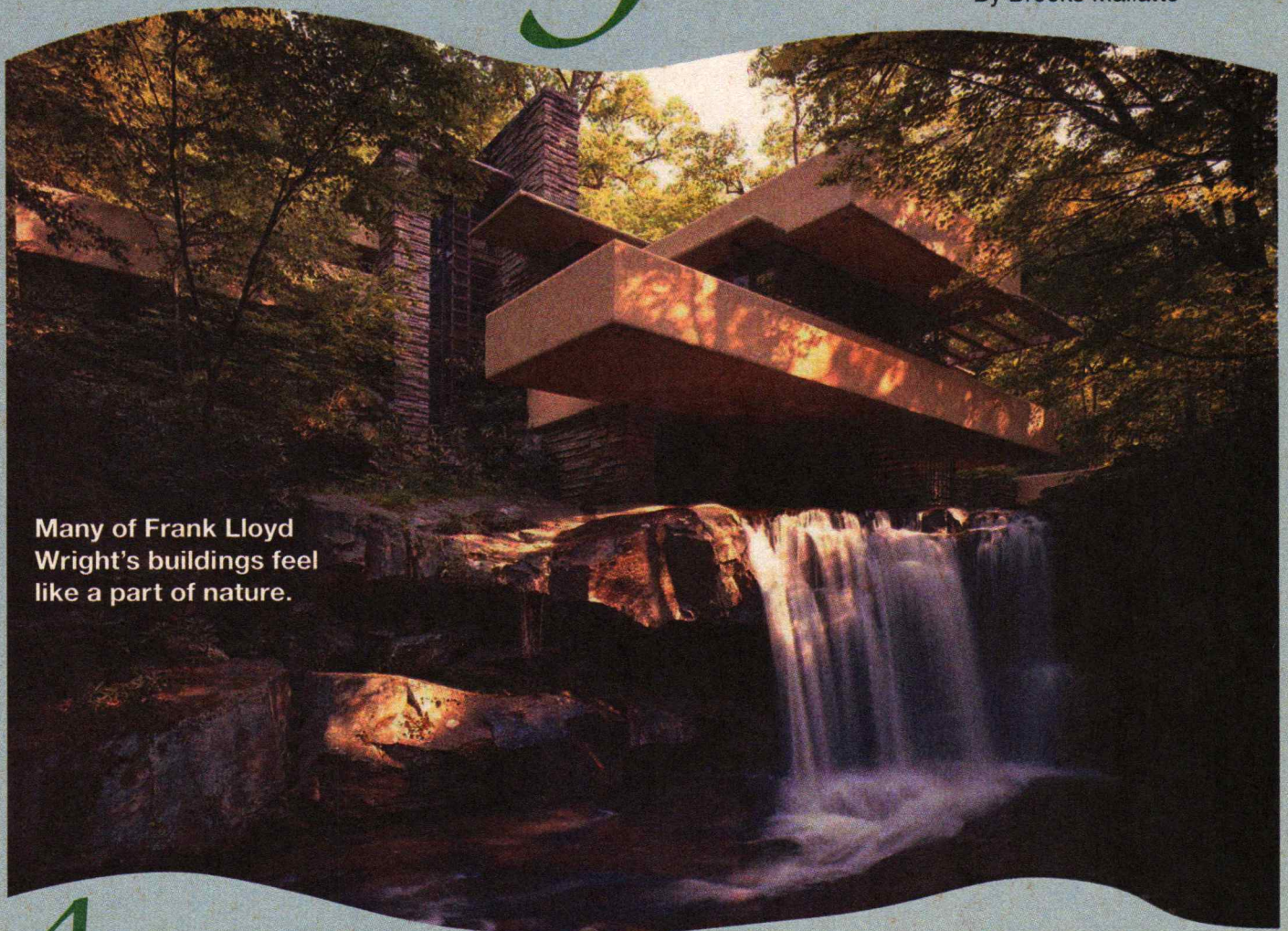
I looked at the machine I had ridden—or tried to ride. Then I smiled at Lucas. "No, thanks. Six seconds of Lightning was enough!" 

"It's not  
that easy."



# Fallingwater

By Brooke Malfatto



Many of Frank Lloyd Wright's buildings feel like a part of nature.

**A** waterfall swirls beneath it. Huge boulders rest at its feet. Forests surround it, and wild animals live near it. It's not a mountain . . . it's a house! Its name is Fallingwater.

An architect named Frank Lloyd Wright designed Fallingwater in 1935. Edgar Kaufmann owned some land in Pennsylvania where he wanted to build a cabin. Wright went to this spot to begin designing Kaufmann's home. He

fell in love with a waterfall that tumbled over the land. He decided that he would build the house on top of it.

How could someone build a house on top of a waterfall? Before that time, most big buildings were made of stones or bricks. A stone bridge over a river has to be built as an arch, or it will fall down under its own weight.

*How could someone*



Read about another  
architect on  
[HighlightsKids.com](http://HighlightsKids.com).



Wright wanted the new house to go over the waterfall, but he didn't want a high, curved arch. He wanted low, straight lines.

In the 1930s, architects were just experimenting with a new way to build skyscrapers. Using steel and concrete, the architects could make strong but light buildings. So the new skyscrapers could be taller than ever. Wright used this same technique for Fallingwater. He chose four natural boulders to anchor the house to the ground. Stones were used for the walls. To support the floors that went over the waterfall, he used concrete reinforced with steel rods. The water could rush through its usual pathway, beneath the home.

### Boulders and Tree Stumps

There are other unusual things about Fallingwater. For instance, what do people usually sit on in front of a fire in the living room? Nice comfy chairs and sofas? If you lived in Fallingwater, you could sit on a boulder! There is also a table made from a tree stump. This house doesn't have ordinary walls, either. Wright used clear glass everywhere he could. If you're inside Fallingwater, you can turn around in a full circle and see all the trees, birds, and animals outside. It's almost as if you're not in a house at all.



Wright used clear glass everywhere he could.

Why would anyone want to build a home that had boulders as chairs, see-through walls, and a waterfall beneath it? When he was young, Wright worked on his uncle's farm. To get through the long days, Wright began to study the trees, bugs, animals, and birds. That took his mind off how hard the farm work was. Nature became an escape for Wright, and he grew to love it. When he was older, he wanted his buildings to look and feel like a part of nature. That is why, at Fallingwater, you can sit on a boulder at the fireplace, look out in any direction and see the forest, and hear the "music of the stream" beneath your feet. 🌿

*build a house on top of a waterfall?*



## Act Up!

Imagine that you are in a play.  
Without using words, show  
that your character feels

embarrassed  
shy  
excited  
hurt  
skeptical  
loving  
sleepy  
content

## Picture Pairs Picture Pairs

How many words can you make by  
combining words pictured below?



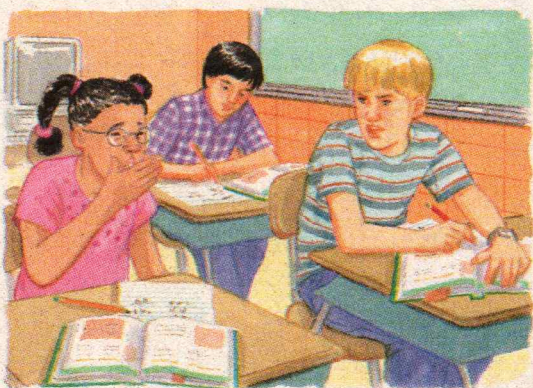
## Goofus and Gallant®



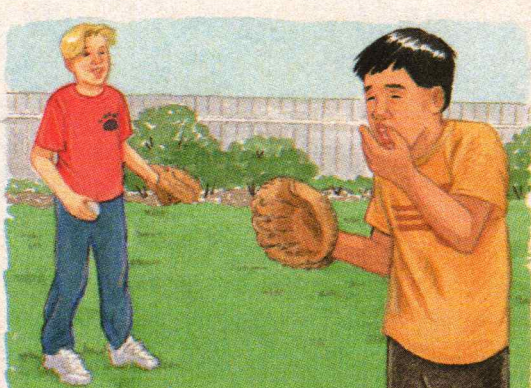
If Goofus makes a mess, he leaves it there.



Gallant cleans up after himself.



"Will you *please* stop sneezing?"



"Bless you again, Sam!"










# The Right Sign



By Sally Lucas




One day  Cary saw  people walking across her  garden. They were stepping on the  flowers.

 Cary put up a  sign. It said "Please go around the  garden. Save the  flowers."

But  people kept walking across the  garden.

One night,  Cary heard strange noises outside her  window. She shined a  flashlight toward the  garden. Quickly, she closed the  window.

The next day,  Cary made a new  sign.

Now  people do not walk across her  garden. Can you guess what the  sign said?

"Beware of  skunks."



# Our Own Pages



**Jaguar**  
Emi Nakashima, Age 4  
Washington

## Swimming

When I leave the board  
I don't stay straight—  
I do a dive.  
Down I go, to the bottom,  
Swimming like a fish to the top.  
When I break the surface,  
I feel so alive.

Destiny Wall, Age 10  
Newfoundland and Labrador



Christina D'Amico, Age 11  
Ohio

## Imagine and Dream

Dream a stream  
Of magic and love;  
Imagine summer  
On a star above.

Andrew Folan, Age 10  
Illinois



Shaneese Sicora, Age 7  
Oregon

## Red

Red like a cherry  
falling from a cherry tree.  
Red like Santa Claus  
coming down the chimney.  
Red like a cardinal  
laying her eggs.  
Red like a pepper  
burning your mouth.  
Red like a ladybug  
flying through the strong wind.  
Red like chicken pox  
scrambling all over your body.  
Red like a tomato  
squeezing in your hand.

Christopher Macias, Age 8  
Florida



**My Grandmy**  
Dominic Frabutt, Age 6  
Michigan

## The Sun

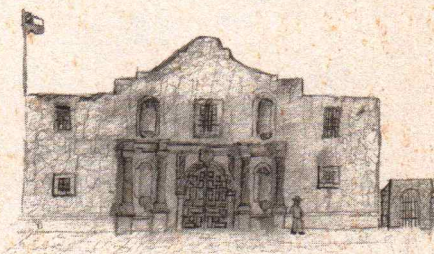
The sun shines all over the place.  
I love it when it shines on me.

Rose Roy, Age 7  
Rhode Island

## Why Me?

Why is it that I always get in trouble?  
All I was doing was talking;  
Everyone tells me to shush!  
I ask why; nobody dares to reply.  
So I just wonder if I'll ever find out  
What everyone's shushing about!  
Is it the right time?  
Wait—did you say no?  
Maybe that's why my grades are so low.

Jenny LaBranche, Age 8  
Virginia



**The Alamo**  
Kiefer Odell, Age 10  
Texas

## Chester

When I was gloomy,  
there was my dog.  
When my heart shattered,  
there was my dog.  
When I was frolicking,  
there was my dog.  
When my tears spilled out,  
there was my dog.  
When I needed my Chester,  
he was always there.

Alyssa Smith, Age 10  
Illinois



**Apollo, Greek God of the Sun,  
Light, Music, and Poetry**  
Matty Bernstein, Age 7  
California



## Sunset to Sunrise

A sunset  
is a raging fire,  
a furnace of color,  
a stove of burning brightness.

Sundown  
is the ashes of the fire,  
the coals extinguished,  
the flames no more.

The stars in the sky  
are the sparks of the flame,  
the crackle of the campfire,  
the specks in the night sky.

The moonlight  
is the glow of the coals,  
the life of the fire,  
the light in the night.

Sunrise  
is the flames returning,  
the brightness of the dark,  
the flames that ignite.

*Adam Stevens, Age 13  
Alaska*



**Bobcat**

*Christina Woolpert, Age 14  
Oklahoma*

## Raindrops

Raindrops  
on the windshield  
sound like popcorn—  
*Pop! Pop! Pop!*  
Raindrops  
kind of look  
like teardrops.  
*Drop! Splat! Pop!*

*Emily Orr, Age 3  
Missouri*

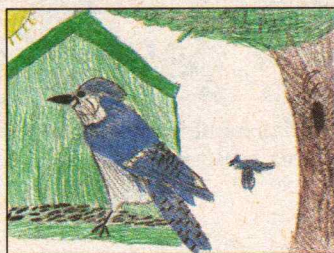


**Apple Orchard**  
*Frankie Deleo, Age 10  
New York*

## My Mom

A gentle woman, full of peace,  
A soothing love that will not cease.  
Her love is comfort to my soul;  
To pay it back, an impossible goal.  
Time again through the years  
She's been there to wipe away my tears.  
In all life's pitfalls lying ahead,  
I'll follow the path that she has led.  
She is the woman I'd love to be.  
Her beliefs and morals are seen through me.  
Thank you, Mom, for all you've done;  
You've given the world to someone.

*Meggie Dutill, Age 12  
New Jersey*



**Blue Jay at the Feeder**  
*Matthew Sprague, Age 9  
Pennsylvania*

## The Voice

Just one—that is what it takes to redirect fate,  
and all was changed on a famous date—  
the day of freedom, the day of peace,  
the day that time appeared to cease.  
That instant, one voice was heard throughout,  
a voice that showed no feeling of doubt,  
the voice so calm, the voice so strong,  
the voice that showed no sense of wrong,  
the voice that spoke, yet appeared to sing,  
the voice of Martin Luther King,  
whose words of wisdom will forever inspire,  
whose thoughts of peace will never retire.

*Larry Geyman, Age 13  
New Jersey*

## Peace

Peace is like a waterfall.  
Peace looks like a starlit sky.  
It sounds like the waves in the sea.  
Peace can be anywhere,  
but peace is always with me.

*Samantha Driver, Age 9  
Mississippi*

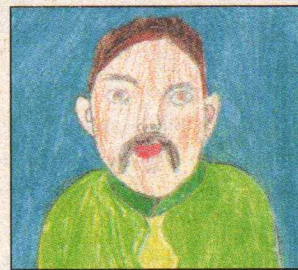


**Happy Moose**  
*Skighe Bennett, Age 6  
Alberta*

## A Poem

A poem  
takes you to another world,  
flowing on the river of thought,  
into the roots of the tree  
of a magnificent creation.  
A poem.

*Michael Wright, Jr., Age 8  
Wisconsin*



**My Dad**  
*Wyatt Lohran, Age 9  
Arizona*

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**HIGHLIGHTS FOR CHILDREN**  
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We will print some of the poems, stories, and pictures from our readers. Sorry, we cannot return any work that is sent to us, so you may want to keep a copy for yourself.





*They're not  
just fiddling  
around.*

# How Lobsters Make "Music"

By Fiona Bayrock



Dr. Sheila Patek studies lobster "music" at the University of California at Berkeley.

**D**r. Sheila Patek is a scientist who studies how animals talk to one another. She is curious about spiny lobsters.

These lobsters make a noise to scare away predators. One day, Dr. Patek watched a lobster rub its antenna on its head to make the noise. She wondered how the lobster could make sound that way.

Crickets make sound by rubbing two hard body parts together, like running the edge of a spoon over a big, heavy comb. Do lobsters do that, too? Dr. Patek couldn't tell by watching. The lobsters were too quick. So Dr. Patek made a video. She listened as she watched it in slow motion.

"Wow, this is really weird!" she said. When you run a spoon over a comb, you hear sound each time the spoon hits one of the teeth. But Dr. Patek didn't hear sound when the antenna hit something. She heard sound *between* hits. Something different was happening with the lobsters, but what?

She talked to other scientists about it. One of them said that the lobster's movements reminded him of a violin.


When a person plays a violin, he or she rubs two smooth, soft things together—a bow and a string. As the bow moves across the string, the bow sticks a little and then slips, and keeps sticking

and slipping across the string. The string vibrates and gives off sound each time the bow slips, not when it sticks.

Dr. Patek looked at the body parts that the lobster rubbed together. They weren't hard like those that crickets use. They were soft. Maybe the lobster did make sound like a violin!

She watched and listened again. Sure enough, she saw the antenna stick and slip, stick and slip. And she heard sound each time the antenna slipped—just like the bow and string of a violin. Scientists don't know of any other animal that makes sound this way.

Making noise with soft body parts is a clever solution to a big problem for the lobster. A lobster's shell does not grow as the lobster grows. Instead, a larger, soft shell forms under the old shell. Then the lobster sheds the old shell. Before the new shell hardens, a predator might eat the lobster. By using soft body parts to make its warning sounds, a lobster can startle predators during this dangerous time.

Thanks to Dr. Patek, we know one of the spiny lobster's tricks: When in danger, make "music." 



# Riddles

1. How much did the crab pay for the sandcastle?

*Christine Adkins, Nevada*

2. What song was played when the cookie got married?

*Steven Arterburn, Michigan*

3. What is strong on the outside and sweet on the inside?

*Melissa Magcale, California*

4. What has two eyes but cannot see?

*Shloime Wolcowitz, New York*

5. Which mountain is the laziest?

*Erin Lester, Illinois*

6. What did the banana do when the monkey chased it?

*Bobby Shemer, Pennsylvania*

7. What's purple, long, and 50,000 years old?

*Kelsey Sorensen, Colorado*

8. What kind of dancing gets you in shape?

*Allyson Price and Kelly Okerblom, Maryland*

9. What kind of shoes do reptiles wear?

*Asiman Datye, Ontario*

10. Why did the dog try to get in the freezer?

*Brianna King, Ohio*

11. What do you get when you cross a snowman and a shark?

*Eric Marsilio, New Jersey*

12. Why do cows wear bells?

*Morgan Robinson, Texas*

13. What did the cowboy say to the pencil?

*Joshua Tolbert, South Carolina*

## Answers:

1. A sand dollar. 2. "Here Comes the Bride." 3. A lion that has just eaten honey. 4. Hawaii. 5. Mount Everest. 6. The banana split. 7. The Grape Wall of China. 8. Square dancing. 9. Snakers. 10. Because he was a hot dog, and he wanted to be a chili dog. 11. Frostbite. 12. Because their horns don't work. 13. "Draw, partner!"



*Chippin'*

## Matching

Look at each picture on the left. Find one like it on the right.





# The Chimney Riddle

By Valerie Holden

**"W**hat goes *up* the chimney down, but can't come *down* the chimney up?" asked Dad.

Jim smiled. Solving Dad's riddles made him feel like a detective. He paced back and forth. He rubbed his chin.

"Up the chimney *down*," he mumbled. "Down the chimney *up*." Jim puzzled and paced.

He set up his chess set by the fireplace. He looked at the chimney. Then he looked at the chessmen.

"The chessmen are up. They could go up the chimney," said Jim. "But they could come down the same way." Jim frowned and put the chess set away.

Next, he made a plane out of plastic building blocks. He imagined it flying up the chimney. He also imagined it flying down again.

"What goes up and down?" he asked himself. He put his arms up and down. No, that was not the answer.

He put his leg up and down. Just then Dad walked into the room.

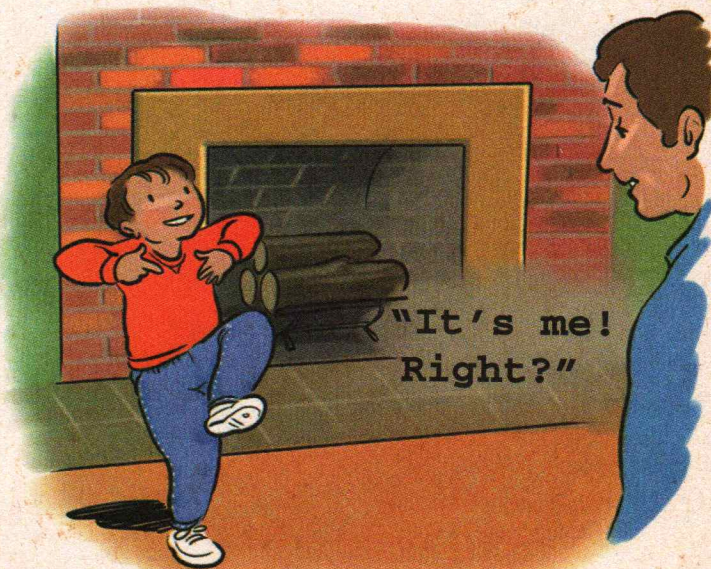
"I could go up the chimney with my leg down," he said to Dad. "But I could not come back down with my leg up." Jim stood on one leg. "It's me! Right?"

"Good thinking," said Dad, smiling. "But that's not the answer to the riddle. Our chimney is too small. You would not fit."

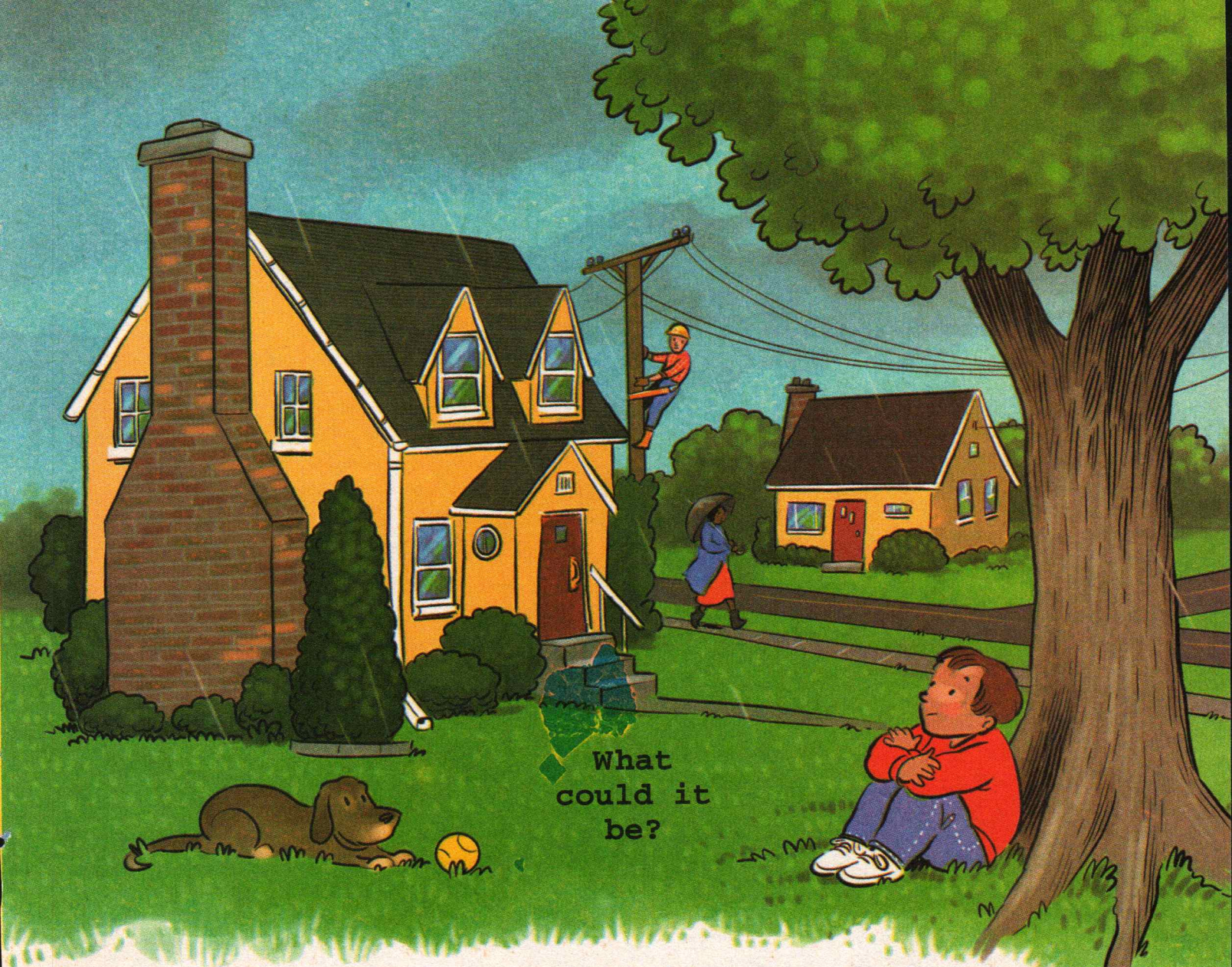
Jim frowned. He wanted to solve this riddle.

Jim looked carefully around the house. The light switch went up and down. The windows went up and down. The stairs went up and down.

Could  
Detective  
Jim  
solve  
this  
case?







What  
could it  
be?

But none of them could go into the chimney.

What could it be?

Still puzzling, Jim went outside. He sat under the tree. He watched ants go up and down the trunk. He watched a repairman go up and down the telephone pole.

Then it started to rain. A lady with an umbrella rushed by.


Jim ran inside to get an umbrella. He put it up. Then he put it down. He looked at the chimney.

"My umbrella . . . could go up the chimney . . . when it's down," he said slowly. "But it can't come down the chimney . . . if I put it up."

A huge smile lit Jim's face.

"It goes up the chimney *down*!" he shouted. "It can't come down the chimney *up*!"

Jim did a little dance in the rain. He ran up the steps and slapped Dad a high-five. "It's an umbrella, right?"

"Nice work, Detective," said Dad. "You solved the case." 



# A Kite with a

By Elisabeth Deffner

**Glenn Martin started making flying machines when he was just a young boy.**

**T**he floor was crunchy with scraps of paper, and the open glue pot filled the room with a heavy, stale odor. Glenn Martin didn't notice. All the six-year-old thought about was finishing his kite.

Made of brown paper and thin twigs, the narrow box—as tall as he was—didn't look like the diamond-shaped kites the other boys in Liberal, Kansas, were flying in 1892. But Glenn was sure his kite would fly up among the clouds.

The other kids didn't think so. They laughed at Glenn's strange kite, especially Joe Rankin, a third-grader who bet Glenn it wouldn't get off the ground.

Glenn agreed to race his kite against Joe's. The two boys let their kites ride the wind. Higher and higher soared Glenn's. Weighted down by its long, heavy



**Glenn and his sister, Della, around 1890. He made his first flying machine in 1892.**

tail, Joe's gigantic kite couldn't come close to it.

## **Building Kites and Airplanes**

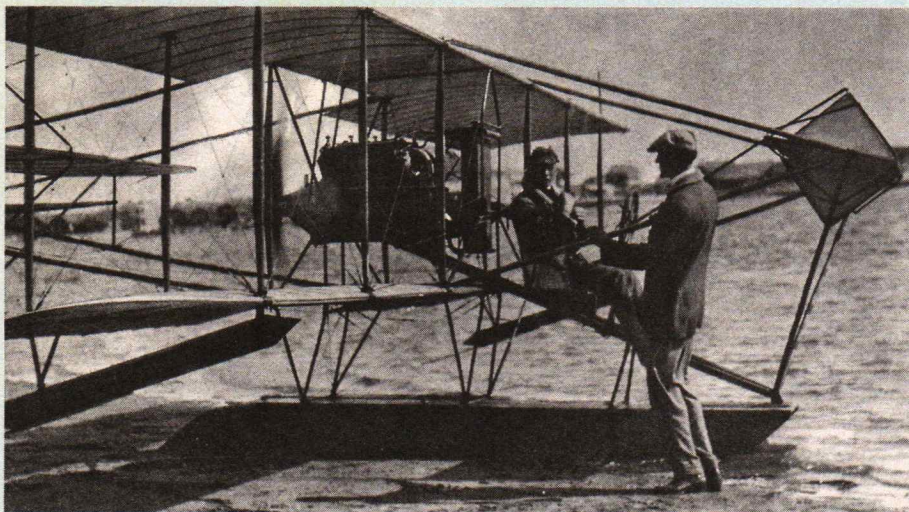
Glenn won the contest—and his first paying job. Joe paid him a quarter to make him a box kite. Soon Glenn was building kites for the other kids in town.

When the Wright brothers made history with their flying machine in 1903, Glenn

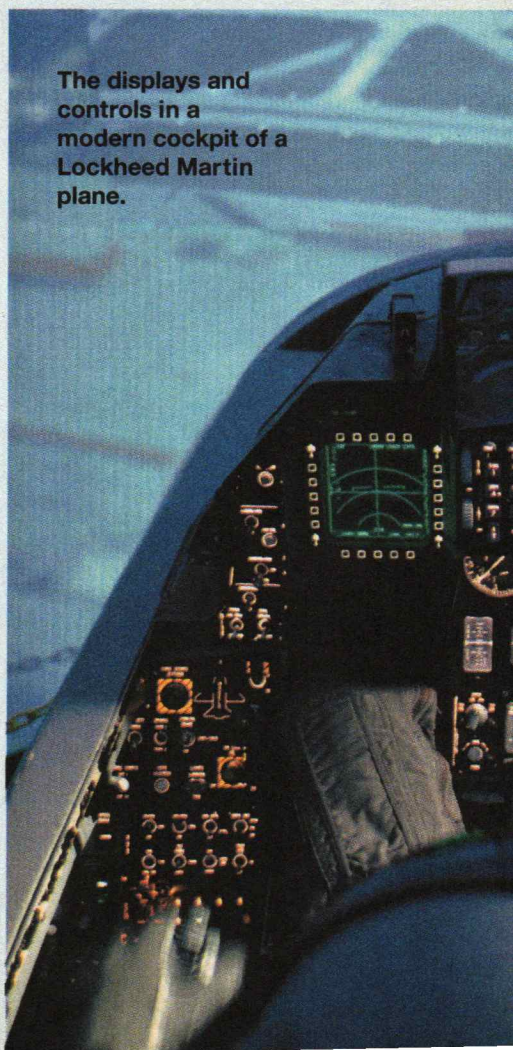
understood exactly how it worked. "Nothing but a kite with a motor on it," he said.

Now a young man, Glenn Martin owned a Ford car dealership in California, where he and his father worked. In his spare time, Martin and his mechanic built gliders. The third one they built stayed aloft for short glides.

Then Martin decided to build a different kind of airplane, called a monoplane because it only had one wing that spanned both sides. In July 1908, Martin and his friends hooked the plane to his car



**In 1912, Glenn Martin made the longest over-water flight in this biplane. The plane has floats on it.**



**The displays and controls in a modern cockpit of a Lockheed Martin plane.**



# Motor

and towed it out to a nearby pasture.

One friend spun the propeller. The monoplane's Ford engine roared to life, and continued spinning the propeller. Martin began to make practice runs along the pasture. Then the engine sputtered and stopped.

Impatient to get off the ground, Martin didn't wait for the others to run over and help start the plane again. He leaped to the ground and spun the propeller himself.

Immediately the engine caught, and the plane began to move. It happened so fast that Martin didn't have a chance to jump back into the pilot's seat! Running alongside the plane, he held on

and tried to make sure it didn't run over anyone.

No one got hurt, but the plane was ruined.

## Try, Try Again

Martin was disappointed, but he didn't give up his dream of building a flying machine. This time he sent a letter to the Wright brothers, asking if he could build a plane based on their designs. Orville Wright wrote back to give him permission.

Working in an old, abandoned church, Martin, a few friends, and his mother built the second plane. They kept its weight as low as possible, using light woods like spruce and bamboo. They covered the upper and lower wings of the biplane with fine fabric coated in varnish. The engine was another Ford, and the propeller was carved from laminated wood.

On August 1, 1909, Martin and his friends towed the plane to a nearby ranch. This time, Martin let the others handle the propeller, and he stayed firmly in the pilot's seat as the engine began to run. He taxied back and forth across the field, then opened the throttle and pulled back on the wheel.

## Lift Off!

The plane lifted up off the ground, flying about one hundred feet before it bounced down to Earth again. Martin had flown for 12 seconds.

That day Glenn Martin made history. He was one of the first people in the United States to fly a plane. He was also one of the first to fly a plane he'd built




Aviator Glenn Martin in a plane, 1912.

himself. Many other records followed, including his 66-mile flight from Balboa to Santa Catalina Island, off the coast of Southern California. In 1912, that was the longest over-water flight ever attempted. For setting all these records and working to help people appreciate flying, Martin was honored with a place in the National Aviation Hall of Fame in Dayton, Ohio.

Just plain flying was the most fun for Martin, though. "I still remember the great thrill of becoming airborne for the first time," he wrote in a newspaper article. "There is nothing that can replace this sensation of the fruition of your fondest hopes after many months of labor."

With the money he earned barnstorming (stunt flying) and winning flying competitions, the young aviator started Glenn L. Martin Company, which built and sold airplanes.

Today, the company is called Lockheed Martin, and it makes parts for airplanes and spacecraft. Martin probably wouldn't be surprised that people not only fly around the world, but they can also fly into space. He'd certainly be proud to know his company helps them to soar to new heights. 





# Coming Back from Defeat

By Val Ackerman

**W**hen I was growing up, I loved playing sports, partly because my dad was a high-school athletic director who passed his love of sports down to me. The problem was that in the 1960s there weren't any organized sports for young girls. I was left to play ball in the backyard with my dad or with kids from the neighborhood.

In seventh grade, I finally had a chance to try out for a team—the cheerleading team. It was the only sport my junior high offered for girls, and that was mostly to support the boys' basketball team. I really wanted to *play* sports, not cheer other people on. But I dutifully tried out for the cheerleading team.

Trying out for cheerleading was a really big deal. It involved a very organized tryout and a lot of rehearsing. We had to memorize and practice a cheer. I practiced in front of the mirror in my



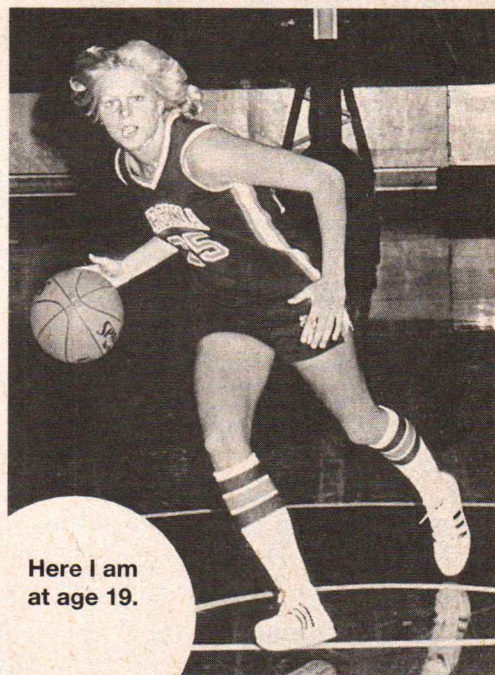
Here I am now.

bedroom for days and days. I was very competitive, and I was an athlete. Why wouldn't I make the cheerleading team?

When they posted the results on the locker-room door, my name wasn't on the list. I was so embarrassed. I felt like such a failure. For a week, I didn't want to go to school. People thought of me as a great athlete, but I couldn't even make the cheerleading team!

My parents encouraged me. They reminded me that once I got to high school, I'd have a chance to play sports. I would go on with life and do just fine. It was my first lesson in coming back from defeat.

When I got to high school, I played on the field-hockey and basketball teams, and



Here I am at age 19.

**I went on to have a successful career in sports, but it all started with a failure.**

I ran track. I earned ten varsity letters—four in basketball, three in field hockey, and three in track. I got a scholarship to play basketball in college, and after college I played professionally in France. I went on to have a very successful career in sports, but it all started with failing to make the junior-high cheerleading team.

Life is like that. You don't always get what you want. But if you come back harder after suffering a disappointment, you can succeed. **4**

*A former University of Virginia basketball player, Val Ackerman holds a law degree from UCLA. In 1996, she was named President of the Women's National Basketball Association (WNBA). She was inducted into the International Scholar-Athlete Hall of Fame in 2003.*





## Play Uffangali— A Game of Uff from India

By Radha Hemmige Santhanam

India is a tropical country, and most homes—especially those in the southern part of the country—are not carpeted. The cool flooring feels good, and it's useful for playing many games. One such game is *Uffangali*. To play, all you need is a smooth surface and a big pile of seeds or dried beans. Younger children find it easier to use lighter seeds, while older children might like to try playing with pebbles. In India, the most commonly used seeds are tamarind seeds, but dried kidney beans or navy beans will also work well.

You might wonder about the name of this game. In Kannada, one of the South Indian languages, *gali* means wind or breeze, and *uff* represents blowing. So the game probably got its name, *Uffangali*, because it is a game of blowing.

### To Play:

1. Heap a few handfuls of the seeds on a smooth surface. The players sit around the pile.
2. During his or her turn, each player blows hard, just once, on the pile of seeds. The goal is to scatter as many seeds as possible away from the pile.
3. The player picks up the seeds that have blown away and places them in a separate pile. Seeds must be picked up one at a time without disturbing neighboring seeds. If another seed is disturbed, the player's turn ends.
4. The game continues until the entire heap has been distributed among the players. The player with the biggest collection wins.



All it  
takes to  
fly a kite is upsy  
gusts and "Hold on tight!"  
and oopsy loops and  
"Watch it fly!"  
and smiley  
miles  
and  
miles  
of  
s  
k  
y  
!

## Kite Flying

—Diane ZuHone Shore

### Where might you hear the following? What might be happening?

- "Can you help me? I keep hitting it into the net!"  
"That's all for today, class. Don't leave without taking home a permission slip."  
"Who's next?"  
"These four keys are sticking. Nothing happens when I tap them."  
"Did anyone see what happened?"  
"Oh, there's a beautiful red one about to land."  
"Hannah, catch her! She just ran under the couch!"



## It's a Mystery!

By Jerard H. Solinger



Can you identify the everyday item shown in this close-up photo?

Answer on page 39.



## Quick Crafts



### Have fun with these baby-bird buddies!

By Edna Harrington

1. For each bird, cut the bottom half from a **Styrofoam cup** and **paint** it.
2. Turn the cup upside down. Glue on a **large pom-pom** for the head.
3. From **felt**, cut out eyes, wings, a beak, a tail, and feet. Glue them in place.

### Put on some bird "specs"

By Marie E. Cecchini

1. Ask an adult to pop the lenses out of an **old pair of plastic sunglasses**.
2. Glue **craft feathers** along the top of the glasses.
3. Cut a diamond-shaped beak from **paper**. Add nostrils with a **marker**. Glue the beak onto the nose bridge of the glasses.



# Crafts

### Decorate for spring with this hat wreath

By Chris Johnson

1. Cut six 3-inch circles from **cardboard**. Cover one side of each circle with **fabric**.
2. Glue a **juice cap** to the center of each circle. Cover the top with matching fabric.
3. Glue a band of **felt** around the edge of each cap. Glue a matching felt bow at the seam.
4. Cut a 7-inch ring from cardboard. Cover the ring with felt. Punch a hole at the top, and tie a **yarn hanger** through the hole.
5. Glue the hats onto the ring.



### Celebrate Mom's "heart of gold"

By Laura Brown

1. Fold a piece of **paper** in half to make a card.
2. Draw and color a large heart shape on the front of the card.
3. Cut pictures of gold jewelry from **old catalogs** and **magazines**. Glue the pictures onto the heart.
4. Use **markers** to add details to the front of the card. Inside the card write "Mom, you have a heart of gold!" and add your own message.



# You Can Make

Share a  
smile



## with a crocodile

By Jean Harris

1. Carefully take apart a **large cracker box** and a **small pasta box**. Turn them inside out and re-glue them.
2. For the neck, cut a 1½-inch-by-6-inch strip of **cardboard**, and fold it accordion-style. Glue one end to the cracker box and the other end to the pasta box, window-side down.
3. Cut four feet and a tail from cardboard. Glue them in place.
4. Glue two **egg-carton cups** to the head for eyes, two strips of five cups to the back, and a strip of three cups to the tail.
5. **Paint** the crocodile. Add a toothy smile, claws, and nostrils.



Test your aim with  
an airplane game!  
Find directions on  
[HighlightsKids.com](http://HighlightsKids.com).

## Toss these bugs!

By Sue Goumas

1. Use **red paint** to paint five **small, flat, clean stones**. Let them dry.
2. On each stone, paint a ladybug's head, a line down the back, spots, and eyes.

**To Play:** Make a large ring with **string** or **yarn**. Each player tosses all of the bugs into the ring, then adds up the number of dots showing. The person with the most dots wins the toss.



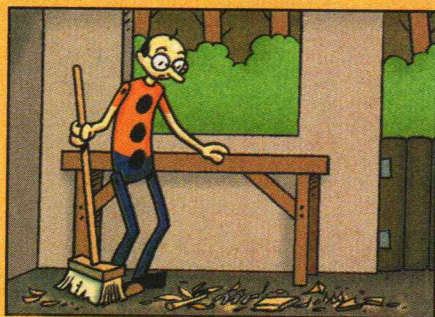
Create a structure  
using only  
**drinking  
straws  
and old  
playing  
cards.**

**Craft  
Challenge!**

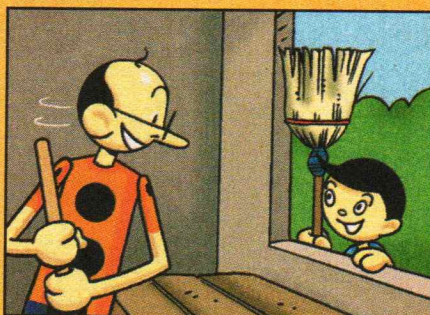


# THE TIMBERTOES®

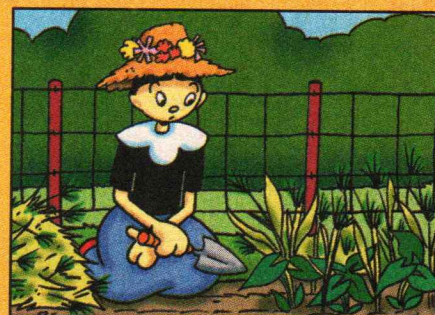
By Marileta Robinson • Illustrated by Ron Zalme



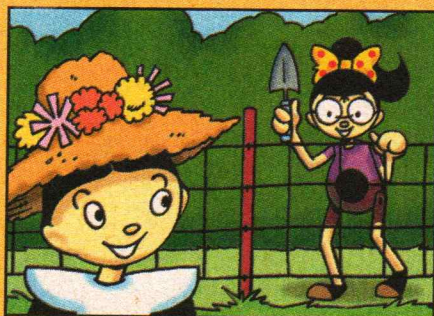
Pa's workshop was a mess.



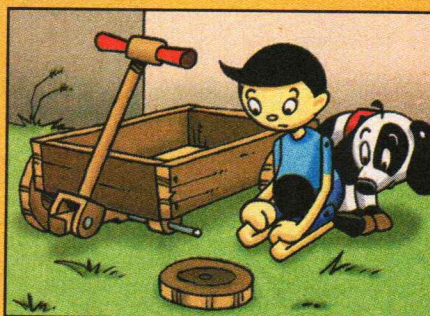
"May I help?"



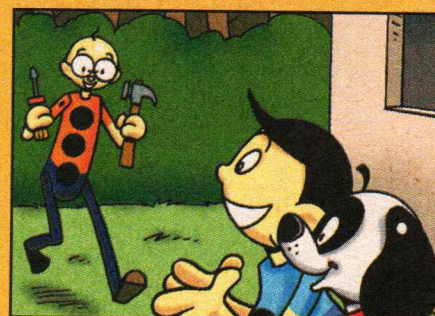
What a lot of weeds!



"May I help?"



Tommy's wagon lost a wheel.



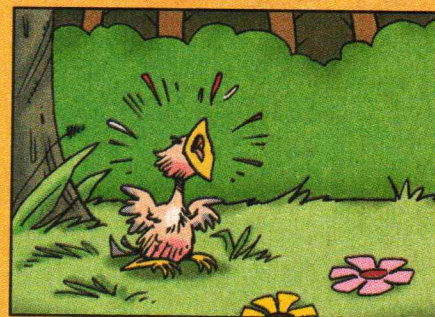
"May I help?"



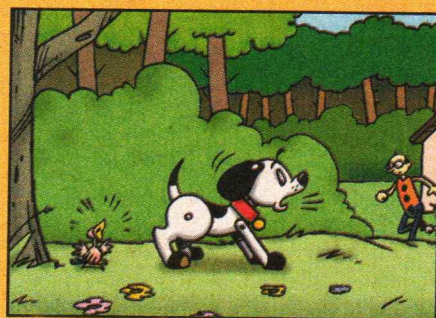
Mabel wanted to bake.



"May I help?"



Baby Robin fell.



Spot barked for help.



"Thank you!"



Helpful Timbertoes!



# BrainPlay

Start at the beginning  
and see how far you  
can go, thinking of good  
answers from your  
own head.

**START**



Do  
animals  
make  
music?

What is your favorite snack?

Which toys are more fun  
to share than to play with  
alone?

Name as many kinds of  
buildings as you can that  
have stairs in them.



Is it easier for you to get  
warm when you feel cold  
or to cool off when you  
feel hot?

Think of three things that  
need wind to make them  
work.

Which might be more  
difficult to eat with  
chopsticks: noodles, rice,  
or an apple?

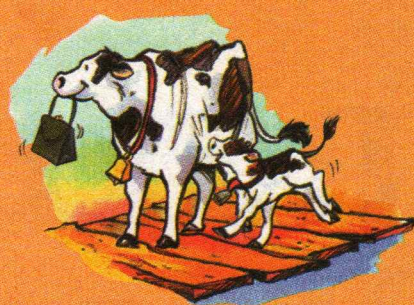
Make up a  
game  
to play with  
your  
shadow.

Name six things that  
people throw during  
games or celebrations.

Are there four distinct  
seasons where you live?  
Where might there not be?

What flying machine has  
been called a *whirlybird*, a  
*chopper*, and an  
*eggbeater*?

If it's "coming down in  
buckets," what is the  
weather like outside?



The toll bridge charges  
ten cents per hoof for  
cows to cross the bridge.  
Farmer Brown has four  
cows. He has twelve  
dimes in his pocket. Can  
all of his cows cross?

List four things that  
might change if it were  
sunny instead of cloudy.

"I think you've had a  
growth spurt!" Mom told  
Dana. Why might she  
have said that?



Imagine an  
invention that  
would help  
people learn  
more about  
nature.

Go on an "ancestor  
search" to find out more  
about your family tree.

Who do you think is a hero  
in your neighborhood?  
In your state? In your  
country? In the world?

Illustrated by Erin Mauterer

## ANSWERS:

### "Science Corner" (page 8)

A *Steaming-Hot Question*—Steam is water that is so hot it has become a gas. Near the spout, the steam is clear because light passes through it. Farther from the spout, the steam mixes with the air, cools, and condenses into water droplets. This

wet steam reflects light rays and scatters them in all directions. That makes it look white.

### "Knot? Or Not?" (page 9)

B, C, and D will form knots. The others will not.

### "It's a Mystery!" (page 35)

An artist's brush.

### "Picture Puns" (page 43)

1. High temperatures.
2. Halftime.
3. Rolling pin.
4. The White House.
5. The day before yesterday.
6. Round up.

7. Distant cousin.
8. Overdue book.



# Rattlesnake Rescue

By Marilyn Kratz

Rebecca straightened up and stretched her tired back. "That's the last seedling, Pa. Have we planted enough?"

Pa walked to the end of the row of cottonwood seedlings. "Nope," he said. "We have to plant trees all the way to that rock over there to fill the requirements for our tree claim. We'll need about twenty more seedlings."

Rebecca's twin brother, William, patted the dirt around a seedling he had just planted. "Seems like an awful lot of work just to get some land."

"Not just 'some land,' son," said Pa. "The government will give us one hundred sixty acres free, just for planting trees on these forty acres. And it's fine land. It'll produce the best wheat and corn I've ever grown."

"I'll get the seedlings," offered

Rebecca. She longed to cool her feet in the shallow river running through the cottonwood grove.

"You'd better let me go, Miss Petticoats," teased William. "There are dangers all over this prairie."

Rebecca bristled. "I can take care of myself. And don't forget—I'm two minutes older than you!"

"You may both go," said Pa. "But hurry back. I'd like to finish before sundown."

"Race you!" shouted William, dashing off toward the river.

"Don't trip on your petticoat!"

*My petticoat won't slow me down,* thought Rebecca. She lifted her long skirt and petticoat up to her knees, then raced after her brother.

William was sitting on the sandy riverbank, splashing his bare feet in the water, when Rebecca plopped down beside him.

**"Don't trip on  
your petticoat!"**

She stuck her feet in beside his.

"I'd like to sit here all afternoon and cool off," she said. She pushed off her bonnet and let it hang down her back. "But Pa is waiting. Come on. Let's get those seedlings."

They waded to a sandbar where small cottonwood seedlings grew. Gently, they pulled the seedlings from the moist sand.

"There! That's twenty, with a few to spare," said Rebecca.

"I'll carry them," said William. He led the way to the riverbank, then stopped. "Look! There's the dugout we lived in when we moved here last year." He pointed to a hole in the grassy bank.

"I'm glad Pa built the sod house last spring," said Rebecca. "I hated living in that cave."

"I liked it!" declared William. "Come on—let's go inside."

"No," Rebecca said. "Pa is waiting. Besides, it's hard telling what's in there."

"Then you start back, scaredy-cat," said William, handing the seedlings to Rebecca. "I'll catch up." He ran to the dugout and stepped inside.

Rebecca tied the seedlings into her long apron and began to walk. Suddenly she froze in her tracks.

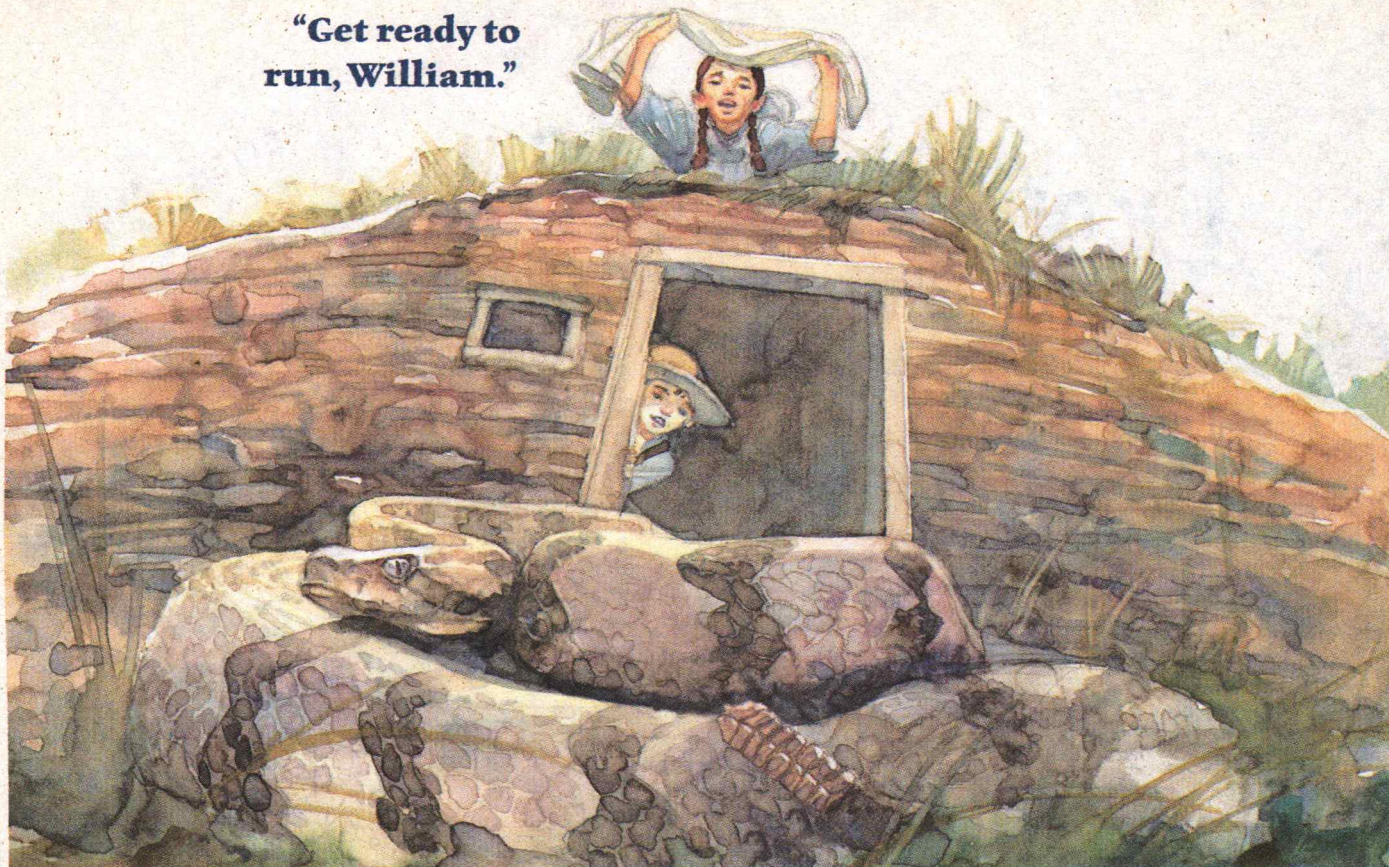
A huge prairie rattlesnake slithered along the riverbank. It stopped right in front of the dugout and lay still, coiled up on the warm sunny bank.

"William!" Rebecca shouted.





**"Get ready to  
run, William."**



"Don't come out!"

"Huh?" William's face appeared at a tiny window beside the door of the dugout.

Rebecca pointed toward the rattler. William's face paled when he saw the snake blocking the doorway. He turned desperate eyes toward Rebecca, then he glanced behind himself. Rebecca knew what he was thinking: Were there more snakes lurking in the shadowy corners of the dugout?

Rebecca's mind raced, trying to think of a way to get William out of there. An idea popped into her head. It was risky, but it was their only hope.

"Don't move," she said to William in a soft voice. "When I say 'now,' you run out of there as fast as you can."

Rebecca removed the skirt-like petticoat from beneath her dress, then dipped it into the river. She squeezed out some of the water, then climbed to the top of the bank, directly above the dugout's opening.

"Get ready to run, William," she said, keeping an eye on the motionless snake.

### **William's face paled when he saw the snake.**

Rebecca opened the dripping petticoat as much as she could. Her hands shook as she leaned over the bank. With one swift movement, she dropped the heavy garment on top of the snake.

"Now!" she shouted to William as the snake writhed under the petticoat.

William jumped over the covered snake and ran halfway back to the tree claim before he stopped and turned around. Rebecca was right behind him.


"Are you OK?" he asked, gasping.

Rebecca nodded. She was glad her long skirt hid her shaking knees.

They both took a minute to catch their breath and steady themselves. Rebecca checked her apron to make sure that the seedlings were still safe.

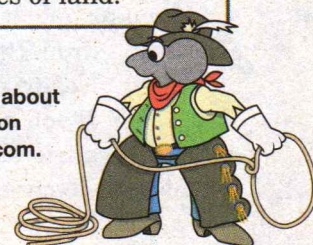
Then William reached over and gave one of Rebecca's braids a playful tug. "Thanks, sister. I'd have done the same for you back there."

Rebecca managed a grin. "You couldn't have," she said. "You don't wear petticoats!"

Laughing, they raced back to the tree claim. 

In 1873, the U.S. government passed the Timber Culture Act. Anyone who planted 40 acres of trees would receive 160 acres of land.

Read a true story about  
a rattlesnake on  
[HighlightsKids.com](http://HighlightsKids.com).





# Dear Highlights,

## Roller-Coaster Chills



My big sister wanted me to get on a roller coaster, but when I saw it, I didn't want to. Should I get on it next time?

Sarah F., Texas

Roller coasters and other amusement-park rides are meant to be a little scary. That's part of the fun. However, you should only get on a ride when you are ready, not when someone else asks you to. Maybe you can start with a smaller roller coaster to see how you like it. If you enjoy the ride, then perhaps you can move up to something bigger. By taking it step by step, you'll know when you're ready to ride the big coaster.

## School Fad

There's a trading-card fad at my school. I want some cards because I know they're fun. Mom said that it is my choice. What should I do?

Alex R., Pennsylvania

If you have played with these cards and think that they're fun, then you already know that you like them. If you haven't, then you might ask a friend if you can look at his cards before buying a set. It's a good idea to wait awhile to

make sure that you're buying them because you want them, not just because it's a fad.

## Exchanging Good-Byes

My family hosted an exchange student from Korea. She will be leaving soon, and I'll be sad when she leaves. How can I feel better?

Marleese P., Nova Scotia

One way to feel better is to realize that your friendship doesn't have to end. If you and your friend exchange addresses, you can keep in touch and maintain a special relationship. People have long-distance friendships all the time. Although it's not exactly the same as seeing each other every day, you and your friend can still feel very close.

## Saving Money



I spend all my money on things I don't need. How can I save more money?

Marlee K., Illinois

You might want to divide your money into envelopes with labels such as *spend*, *save*, *gifts*, *charity*, and *college*. Your parents can help you decide how much money should be set aside for each

category. To make saving easier, only the money in the *spend* envelope should be available to you. Your mom and dad can keep the other funds out of sight, or they can deposit them into a savings account for you. If the money is not easy to access, you'll be less likely to spend it.

## What to Do?



I have friends I want to play with, but they want to do different things. What should I do?

Zane M., California

Perhaps there are some games that you and your friends all enjoy. You might make a list of those games and agree to take turns choosing which ones you will play. When it comes time for you to play your friends' games, try to cooperate and enjoy the activities. Maybe your friends will follow your example. You and your friends may find that you can have fun when you compromise.

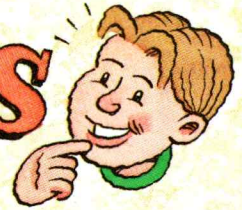
When you write to us, we like to know who you are. Please include your name, age, and full address (street and number, city or town, state or province, and Zip Code). Mail to

Dear Highlights  
HIGHLIGHTS FOR CHILDREN  
803 Church Street  
Honesdale, PA 18431



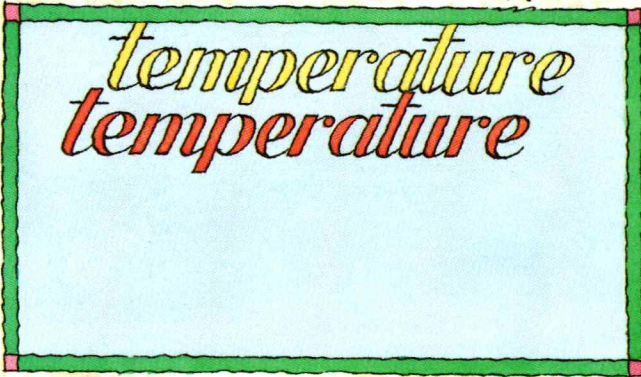


# Picture Puns

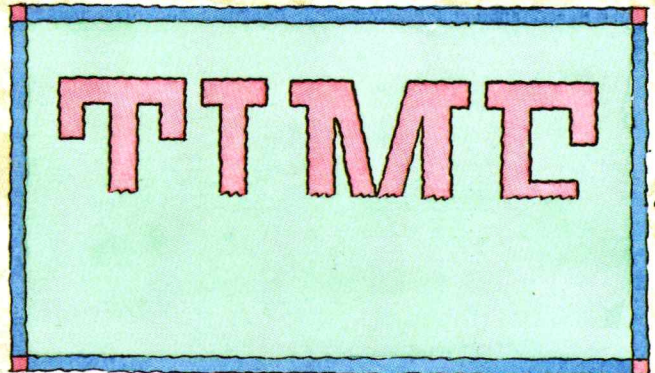


What common word or phrase does each picture represent?

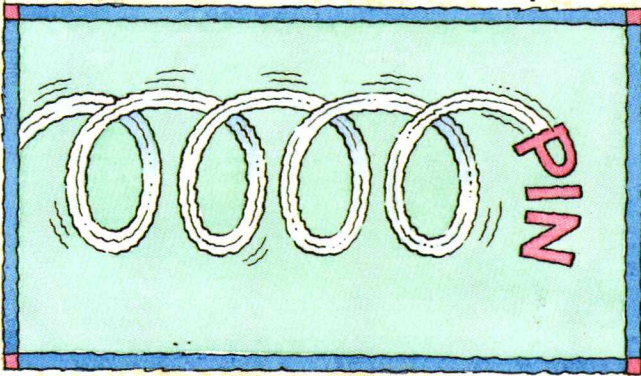
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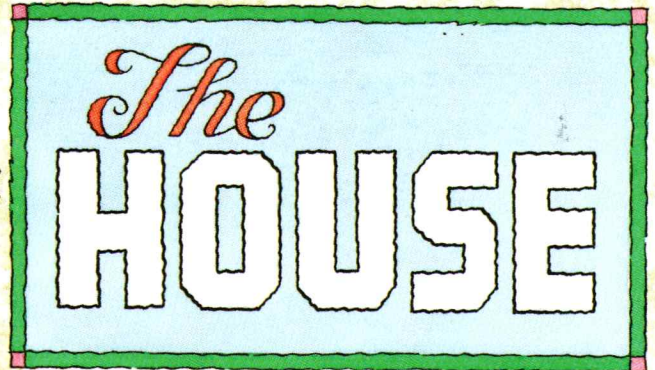
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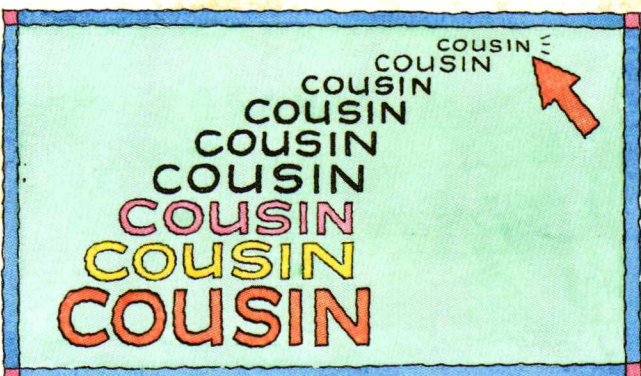
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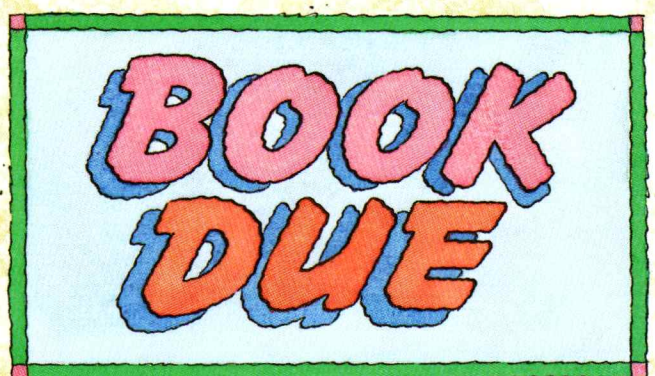
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7



8





## Inside This Issue

- ★ A sleepy rooster
- ★ Arizona's debut
- ★ Stories *you* made up!

On [www.HighlightsKids.com](http://www.HighlightsKids.com)

- ☐ A sliding-otter game
- ☐ New audio features
- ☐ A poll for readers

## What's Wrong?

How many silly things can you find in this picture?

